The Saturday Evening Post

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1870. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2568.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY W. W. MALOTT.

The fragrant flowers will bloom as fair
  These hundred years, I trow;
But where will be the friends who share
  Their sweetness with us now?

The sun his journey will perform,
  And bring the welcome eve;
But where will be the heart-words warm,
  This hour that we receive?

The stars will show their pearly light—
  The moon her saintly brow;
But where will be the eyes so bright,
  That gaze up with us now?

The wind will weave as soft a tune,
  The waves dance 'neath the sun,
As gayly in that coming June,
  As they to-day have done.

The old, old tale will sound as new,
  A hundred years from now,
And thrill all as it once thrilled you;
  As fond will be the vow.

The world will then go on the same;
  The seasons in their flow
Bring pleasure just as when they came
  A hundred years ago.

And then, as now, will come man's doom,
  And grief change place with mirth;
The sod will fall upon his tomb;
  And this is all of earth.

THE CROCODILE.

If the Eagle is the king of the air, the Tiger and the Lion the tyrants of the forests, and the Whale the monarch of the deep, the Crocodile has for the exercise of his undisputed control the maritime shores of tropical seas and the borders of tropical rivers. Living on the confines of land and water, this formidable reptile is at all times the scourge of those human beings who are compelled to reside near its haunts. Much larger than the Tiger, Lion, or Eagle, the Crocodile surpasses all terrestrial animals, with the exception of the Elephant, Hippopotamus, and some Serpents, in its power of destruction.

The general color of the Crocodile is a dullish brown, with sometimes a shade of green along the back; the head and the sides are marked with green, or at least they have a greenish tint, with blackish spots; the under part of the legs and belly are of a yellowish gray. All these shades, however, vary with age and sex, and the nature of the water in which the animals live.

At the time of their birth the little Crocodiles are only about six inches in length, but their growth is very rapid. They abound in large rivers in the tropics, and in marshy places near their banks. They often come on shore, for they are amphibious. In the night they watch for their prey. They feed exclusively on flesh—that is to say, on fish, small Mammalians, aquatic birds, and reptiles. When they have seized a large object the drag it under the water, where it soon dies by asphyxia; there they leave it to macerate, when they eat it by instalments. In this manner men are sometimes carried away by Crocodiles, but it is contrary to the habits of the animal to suppose that they are devoured immediately. When a Crocodile has succeeded in seizing a negro, it does not devour him till the body becomes decomposed, when it can tear it to pieces with greater facility.

From the general structure of their bony framework it is difficult for Crocodiles to turn round or move otherwise than forward. This circumstance renders it easy to escape their pursuit. When chased by a Crocodile, it can be avoided by describing a circle, or running in a succession of curves. Upon the banks of the Lake of Nicaragua, in South America, an Englishman was once pursued by an Alligator which had surprised him when on its margin. The animal was gaining upon him rapidly, when some Spaniards who witnessed the scene, cried out to him to run round it. Thus fortunately warned, the pursued dodged the Alligator, and escaped from his dangerous enemy.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

Milly Crofton sat alone in the library of her aunt's house the morning after that ball, which had ushered in a new life to her girlish soul.

She made a lovely picture, curled up in a corner of the sofa, with her blue morning-dress falling over the scarlet cushions, and her attitude as graceful as though she had taken more thought in choosing it than was really the case. The warm, yellow sun, which had a premonition of spring in its glow, streamed over her fair hair, lighting it up with golden ripples, giving a new softness to her mouth, deepening the color of her eyes till they had an expression, which would have made a careful observer think there was an earnestness and strength somewhere in her nature which the girlish happiness of her existence had not developed.

It had been altogether such a bright, charming winter—though perhaps wise people would have considered it rather a useless one—but Milly did not think of that. Very charming it had been with its balls, its opera, its pretty new dresses, the attentions which she had received, and those still sweeter reasons which had all the while been hidden down in the depths of her wayward little heart. For even during his absence, Walter Thorman had not shown himself forgetful; bouquets of flowers had been ordered to come daily, to remind her of him—he had sent books which he chanced to be reading during his journey—even a few tiny notes, but these usually in epistles to her aunt, for whom he had promised to transact some business during his absence.

As Milly sat there recalling the scene of the previous night, she smiled to herself as she remembered how disappointed she felt as the evening passed on and he did not come, making her believe that he was not going to fulfill his promise of being back to the ball. She recollected, too, glancing into the room and seeing him stand there with the beautiful widow, and smiled anew at the jealous pang which had wrung her heart, wondering how she could have been so silly, thinking that no such fancy could ever again disturb her peace—for he was all her own now—he loved her.

He was coming that very morning to see her aunt. Presently she should hear the door-bell ring—hear him go up to Mrs. Gresham's sitting-room—then, after a little, come down again to tell her that all was settled. It all happened just as she expected. The ring came—the step ascended the stairs—then a delicious whirl in Milly's heart and brain, left her powerless to take any note of time, or hold a single connected idea until the tread struck her ear anew—the door opened, and a voice cried—

"Has my bird flown quite out of sight this morning?"

It was so pleasant to hide behind the window-curtains, where she had quickly concealed herself, and watch him look about in an eager way, until the disappointment which came over his face made her forget both her shyness and her desire to tease, and she ran out of her hiding-place so quickly that the curtains floated out like banners, and before they had settled into their proper position she was close at his side, with his strong arm lifting her off the floor and his lips raining kisses on her forehead and eyes, by way of punishment.

"Your aunt has given you to me, you naughty white pigeon," he said, "and these are your fetters—my darling, my own heart's darling."

Then more kisses and more foolish words, until Milly only wondered that she did not die outright from very happiness.

"And aunty was pleased?" she whispered, when they were at last seated on a sofa, and prepared, as they believed, to hold a sensible conversation. "Was she pleased?"

"As if she were likely to be anything else at the prospect of being rid of such a little trouble," returned he. "And she consents to our wish, that the engagement should not be announced just yet, so we can still have one secret to ourselves for awhile."

"She doesn't think me a trouble," said Milly, extricating her long curls from his fingers. "Let me tell you, I'm not accustomed to having any body think me so—and you are not to make my hair untidy; suppose some one should come in."

"But some one can't," replied he. "That coffee-colored waiter of yours, has received orders that there is nobody at home."

"So twenty people that one might wish to see, may be turned away," cried Milly, mischievously.

"Who cares? Not you,—not I; and your aunt is busy."

Then followed a long talk in the sunlight, and Thorman pleased himself with thinking how sensible he had been to choose a loving, devoted creature like this, who would worship him, who had such nowitching ways which rested him after the experience of the past—an experience that had left him a little careworn and a little selfish in spite of all his strong manly qualities. He asked her over and over all those questions which he had the night before pressed upon her, and she had more courage now to answer.

"Had you thought of me, Milly—had you, indeed?"

"How could I help it? Had I ever seen anybody half so good, and noble, and handsome?"

"Dear, dear little Milly! And did you wonder if I loved you?" he continued, still eager to feed his vanity with those sweet assurances. "Did you wonder, Milly?"

"Yes," she faltered, but a little sharply—it hurt her to have all her maiden secrets wrung from her.

Then he grew tender again—and the morning passed so swiftly that Milly could not believe he had been there twenty minutes, when Mrs. Gresham, thinking he had gone, came into the room eager to congratulate her niece.

"But I must go," Thorman said; "I have no business here this minute—I have oceans to do. This child makes me forget everything, Mrs. Gresham."

The lady smiled approvingly, and good-naturedly busied herself at the other end of the room, while he made his farewells—rather a lengthy operation; then, when he was fairly out of the room, she sat down to talk, expressing her satisfaction with such warmth, that Milly was fully content.

"Weren't you surprised, aunty?" Milly asked.

Mrs. Gresham only smiled—she did not feel it necessary to tell Milly that this consummation was what she had hoped and labored for all winter; and that if she had not seen clearly how matters were going, it was scarcely probable Milly would have been left to have her own way quite so much, or have been indulged in so many new dresses and pleasant extravagancies of all sorts. It certainly had been kind of the aunt, for she still had an unmarried daughter of her own; and many a woman would not have relished seeing a niece bear off so valuable a matrimonial prize as Walter Thorman from one of her own specialhood—but besides loving Milly, Mrs. Gresham was a wise woman. Maud could never get him; Maud was a fool, and her mother knew it; she relinquished the prize to Milly without a groan; better a nephew than no relation. Maud's turn would come now; she should have a clear field; and the favor of the married daughters and niece. Truly, Mrs. Gresham's acquaintance might call her a fortunate woman, and the few who partially understood, admire her sagacity and foresight.

"Now, pussy, you are disposed of," said Mrs. Gresham, for sometimes she could unbend enough to employ pretty pet names. "I am sure I ought to be satisfied; Adelaide and Hortense settled as they are—you happy as a queen—I should be a wicked woman if I was not."

Milly smiled incredulously at the idea of any queen who ever sat on a throne being able to compare with her in regard to bliss, but she listened in silence, not choosing to make Aunt Eliza smile by putting her extravagant ideas into words. So Mrs. Gresham went on to express a portion of the thoughts in her mind, feeling that in the first part of the conversation she had said all that the poetic and romantic side required.

"Next winter I shall bring out Maud; then you will have a house of your own and be able to take her a good deal off my hands."

"Indeed, yes, aunty; and you know I would do my best to make her enjoy herself."

"I am sure you would, Milly; you are very young, but upon my word I would rather trust her with you than with either Adelaide or Hortense."

Really, such unusual praise was very pleasant, Milly felt; and as Mrs. Gresham looked at her and saw how pretty she was, and thought what a sensible creature she had proved herself, and how well everything was arranged, she was inclined to bestow still higher encomiums. Then her reflections went back to her own special plans and requirements and the good her niece's marriage might work therefor, as was quite natural and no more selfish and worldly than it is permitted even good people to be, since one does not expect to find at every corner penitent Saint Augustines, and pious, patient Saint Catherines, always ready and willing to crucify themselves without any reward whatever.

"I shall depend on you married ones very much where Maud is concerned," she went on. "This bringing out so many girls has thoroughly cramped me—but don't think I regret any trouble you have cost, Milly; you have done exactly what I wished—you are a dear, good girl."

This common-place way of regarding her happiness grated a little on Milly's ear, and she would rather have not heard the gentle reminder which closed it, but she bore it all very patiently, pleased to see how frank and confidential her own new dignity had made Aunt Eliza—she was not to be treated as a child any longer.

"Mr. Thorman will have the sort of people about him I like," said Mrs. Gresham; "now Hortense's set are so wise and literary that Maud would be overlooked, and Adelaide will not give over her liking for admiration, so she has a crowd of men about her that are only detrimental to a young lady, for they haven't the least thought of marrying. Your position will be a very enviable one, my dear."

Milly had never once thought of that; it made her cheek flush a little to hear her aunt speak in so business-like a way. She would have been glad in her girlish romance to make some great sacrifice to prove her love; some indistinct vision of toiling for Walter and living in the most modest of cottages with affection to brighten it struck her as a thing desirable.

"I never thought about his being rich," she exclaimed, impetuously; "why, Aunt Eliza, it would be all the same to me if he had not a penny—he would be Walter still."

Mrs. Gresham smiled in tolerance of her folly; she had not interfered with Milly's romantic ideas because they had chanced to take the direction she approved; had they led into any undesirable attachment Milly might have discovered a phase in her relative's character with which she had never become acquainted.

Soon Maud came in and was informed of Milly's prospects, and she dashed at once at the opening which they made for her. She had no great amount of affection for her cousin; she had always looked upon her as an intruder who stood in her, Maud's, light; so now she was divided between envy of Milly's good fortune and self-gratulations that at last she might emerge from the retirement in which she had with much difficulty been kept.

She had not the beauty of one sister, nor the tact and style of the other, and she was no more like Milly than a blue jay is like a cardinal bird. Her face would pass for pretty with the aid of skillful dressing; she was shallow, bad tempered and given to talking nonsense, and had a strong tendency toward the rapid order, so common among girls of the present day, which, easy as it seems, needs an unusual share of beauty and wit to carry off at all creditably. But her mother was not uneasy in regard to her; she could manage Maud's future; there was one good thing—she would never be troubled with any ridiculous ideas of romance and self-sacrifice; they were not in the girl's character—that is if she could be said to possess one.

"Well, I needn't be buried alive any longer, I suppose," exclaimed the young lady; "you are out of my moonshine at last, Milly."

"My dear," said her mother, "don't use such expressions!"

"There's nobody to hear," retorted Maud, who believed that good manners were to be kept like fine dresses, for the benefit of society. "I wish it wasn't the end of the season; I'd come out now."

"Have a little patience," returned Mrs. Gresham.

"Oh, patience!" repeated Maud, tossing her head and shaking herself indignantly; "I hate that word."

"Next winter you shall have your own way," added Mrs. Gresham.

"Next winter!" echoed Maud in angry dismay. "You must take me to Newport. I've set my heart on that! Clara Fay is going, and I'll go too! All the fellows one cares to know—"

"Maud!" interrupted her mother in horror. "Where did you learn such dreadful expressions?"

"La, mamma, you are so particular! As if it made any difference here at home."

"I detest the habit of talking slang; I will not have it."

"Why, all the girls at Madame Chouffeur's did it! Clara Fay always calls her father the governor and her mother Madame Beck—that's out of a book—Bulwer I think; but he's a stick!"

"Don't talk so much, for heaven's sake," exclaimed Mrs. Gresham, seeing her follies more plainly than usual.

"Oh, that's what you always say," returned Maud in an injured tone; "I believe you think I'm a fool! What's the good of my going into society if I'm to be muzzled like Tom Schuyler's dog?"

Mrs. Gresham held up both hands with an expression of such suffering that Milly had much ado not to laugh.

"Tom Schuyler!" repeated the mother. "A man old enough to be your father spoken of in that way."

"He pays me a great deal of attention whenever he sees me, if he is," said Maud stoutly; "and I don't care a straw about his being old—he's as rich as Mr. Thorman."

These words mollified Mrs. Gresham; her mind rushed forward to future probabilities. After all, these old bachelors often were pleased with such girls—something might happen—she would not be too severe.

"I know what my first ball dress shall be," cried Maud, her mind taking one of its rapid flights toward her favorite subject of thought; "and you shan't interfere with me, mamma—it'll be lovely!"

"The dress or the non-interference?" asked Milly.

"Oh, you needn't be witty!" returned Maud sharply. "If you are going to be married, it's no reason for putting on airs. I may be married myself before long! And I don't care a bit if I can't say sharp things. Tom Schuyler says it's no credit to a girl! And he's going to teach me to play billiards when I go to Newport."

Mrs. Gresham had business out, so she left the cousins together; reserving her lecture for her daughter until a more convenient opportunity.

"Mamma needn't think I'll be put down any longer," exclaimed Maud, as soon as she was gone. "It's a sin and a shame for a girl to be kept back as I've been—here I am seventeen! I'll tell you what, Milly, you'll be a mean thing if you don't give me lots of pretty things when you're married, to pay me for waiting till you were served."

"I will do anything I can to please you, Maud," replied Milly, wishing the creature would depart and leave her to dream in peace.

"There's Hortense snubs me every time I open my mouth, as if I was a—china poodle," said Maud, casting about for a comparison, and falling upon that somewhat unhappy one from chancing to catch sight of an ornament on the etagere. Milly was wickedly amused, for the china dog had an absurd resemblance to Maud, with its curls so tight that its eyes seemed strained open unnaturally wide. "She thinks," pursued Maud, "that because she never makes mis-

takes about the names of books and can talk about ologies, that she's wonderful! I hate ologies and I never can remember the names of things; but I don't care—I'm not going to set up for a Joan of Arc."

Milly could not see what connection there was between the heroine of France and a woman who pretended to scientific attainments, and she laughed outright.

"There, you're laughing at me!" cried Maud, ready to go into a fit of the sulks without loss of time.

"I was laughing at learned ladies," asserted naughty Milly; "you know I couldn't be one if I tried."

"But you are so bright," said Maud curiously; "you say such witty things to people, and mamma says you are so high bred."

She might have added much more without exaggeration, but to give Milly credit for beauty was further than Maud's magnanimity could carry her.

"When you have been in society a little, all those things will come to you," returned Milly good-naturedly.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Maud, by no means dissatisfied with herself in spite of her envy of her cousin. "I think my style will be different altogether from yours."

There could be no doubt of that in the mind of any one who saw the pair together.

"I'll go to Newport in spite of mamma," continued Maud; "you won't care to go! You can visit somebody, or you'll be married before that, I suppose. I'm just going to have the prettiest lot of new dresses! Milly, I mean to have one of those new blues—you know! I'll have the skirt trimmed with narrow ruches, and let them run up the side; I'll have three—"

Milly leaned back in her chair in resignation, but she was spared the impending avalanche by the entrance of a servant carrying a magnificent basket of flowers, which he set upon the table before her. Maud looked at the blossoms—remarked that the violets would be pretty in a corsage—while Milly was in ecstasies over the beautiful gift which filled the whole room with a heavenly fragrance.

"Of course Therman sent them," said Maud, who had a lady-like way of speaking of her male acquaintance with delightful freedom, usually eschewing any prefix whatever to their names.

Milly was reading a little scrap of paper folded among a cluster of rose buds, and could not listen.

"I say," demanded Maud, in a louder key, "wouldn't you rather he'd sent you a bracelet?"

Milly came back to real life with a glow of indignation.

"Have you no love for beautiful things?" she exclaimed; "no appreciation—"

But she checked herself; where was the good of wasting words!

"And aren't bracelets beautiful things?" retorted Maud. "I saw a pair yesterday at Tiffany's—the loveliest things! They were shaped like this—why don't you look, Milly?"

But Milly was reading again the single line written on the paper, and Maud's words fell upon deaf ears. The young lady crept softly behind her cousin, peeped over her shoulder and read aloud—

"'Sweets to the sweet!' Not a thing else—if that isn't downright silly in him."

Milly turned upon her in extreme wrath.

"You are the rudest girl without exception, Maud, that I ever saw! The idea of reading other people's notes."

"I'm no ruder than you," pouted Maud. "Only a little foolish scrap like that—any way I just did it for fun—you needn't go into spasms."

"Very poor fun," returned Milly, "and a sort that I don't appreciate; be good enough never to attempt is with me again."

"I'll do it whenever I please," exclaimed Maud, flushing with anger. "You're not Miss Pompey the Great, if you are going to be married—you act as if nobody else could be engaged but you! You needn't try putting me down with your airs, and I'll not stand it—there!"

The creature was not worth wasting any more excitement on, so Milly took up her basket of flowers and walked out of the room, feeling that it would be impossible for her to endure Maud's society another instant.

"Nasty thing!" muttered the elegant young woman when she found herself alone. "Sweeping out of the room as if she was an English Duchess, and I the dirt under her feet. I hate her, that's what I do! She shan't queen it over me—living here on mamma. I'd like to remind her of it before Thorman, only ma is all on her side and ought to be ashamed of herself. I hate everybody, and I wish I had upset the basket and stepped on the flowers—mean trumpery things any how, and I'm sure he's stingy."

She appeared to find a certain degree of consolation in that thought, and went away up-stairs to torment a poor seamstress about a dress of hers that the overworked woman was making; and by way of having a little revenge on somebody for the wrongs of the morning, Miss Maud scolded and found fault and forced her to pick out half the flounces.

CHAPTER IV.

After that unquiet vigil and the heavy, unrefreshing sleep which followed, Leonie Dormer appeared down stairs at her usual hour in the morning, showing as few traces of fatigue or trouble as if she had been a young girl in the full enjoyment of a first season in the allurements and delights of society.

Mrs. Fanshawe was already out on a shopping excursion from a sense of duty with some friends from the country, so that Leonie had the library to herself and was at liberty to be idle and dull without being asked troublesome questions. The freedom did not endure very long, however, for Mark Lasley was announced, and Mrs. Dormer aroused herself from her apathetic revery by the reflection that she had to baffle a sharper scrutiny than that of her easily satisfied relative.

"I hope you have not forgotten that you told me I might come this morning," Lasley said.

"You mean that you told me you were coming, and I said that I should not see anybody," replied she.

"Don't be literal," said he, laughing; "it is so very prosaic. But you don't look well."

"Thank you; such frankness is more commendable than pleasant! My glass had told me already that I was hideous—those hot rooms last night gave me a headache."

"You're handsomer than usual, on the contrary," pronounced Mark; "but your eyes look tired."

"So they ought! The idea of trying them by balls and late hours at my age—I shall be doomed to spectacles soon if I don't learn wisdom."

"Wisdom is such a very horrid thing. I really think I could endure the spectacles more easily," said Mark, seating himself on a chair near her.

"I should say the most important question would be which I could endure best," returned Leonie.

"You see I was thinking that if I were satisfied you ought to be," said Mark gayly, but with a certain earnestness apparent through his laughing words.

"I do think," retorted Leonie, "that your modesty is perfectly enchanting—and your impertinence—"

"Is enchanting, too," interrupted he; "but don't spoil me by compliments. I knew I should have the good fortune to find you alone this morning."

She did not ask him what he meant; she understood only too well, and was eager as she had heretofore been to prevent the utterance of words which she knew could not be otherwise than full of trouble and unrest to her, however sweet they might sound. She made a pretence of dropping a book and some flowers that lay on her lap, and while she was saving the blossoms, let the volume fall, laughing at her own awkwardness as Lasley picked it up and laid it on a table.

"This is one of my stupid mornings," said she; "luckily I am not the waiter—I should break every plate in my poor old Fanshawe's buffet."

"You are nervous and excited," returned Lasley, looking keenly at her.

"I am never either," she exclaimed almost irritably; "don't call me bad names, or I'll send you home."

"If you are not," said he, coolly, "you made that little scene on purpose."

"Thanks for your amiable suspicion," she replied, laughing, but careful not to ask him for what reason he supposed she did it."

"I see you won't ask why I say it," continued he, still watching her with his dreamy gray eyes that could flash into passionate splendor or soften into misty sadness with every change of his impulsive nature.

"Probably for the pleasure of saying something ill natured—if you had any reason at all, which I doubt."

"Why do you always play with me?" he asked, with a sudden alteration in voice and manner. "Do you think I am to be put off, baffled and tormented like a boy of eighteen?"

"I don't think you in the least like eighteen," she answered, with undisturbed composure. "I told you last night that you were as old as Methusalah—in most things if not in actual years."

"I used to think so myself," he said, leaning forward in his chair, but speaking quietly in spite of the impetuous movement and the quick fire in his eyes. "I have changed my mind of late—do you know why?"

"Oh, never change your mind after having reached so sensible a conclusion," she said, with a flippancy that was belied by a slight tremor of her beautiful mouth.

"I have told you already that I love you," he went on, regardless of her teasing words, "and you know that it is true, though you have affected to believe it only the idle compliment that idle men so often offer a beautiful woman—you have jested—teased—but I mean to be heard now."

She had averted her head when he began to speak, and he could not see the expression of tenderness which flitted over her mobile features, followed by a strange look of regret that deepened into a sort of dread as if some invisible voice had whispered a menacing caution in her ear. Then she turned her face toward him, and no trace of either emotion was left—those trained lineaments never long betrayed any interior impulse which Leonie Dormer wished to conceal.

"You are as imperative as a ghost," said she, with a mocking smile, "but I assure you I am not to be frightened into obedience unless by a pistol or something substantial of that sort! Now don't look vexed—I thought you came to make yourself agreeable, and let me *forget* that I was tired and cross."

"I'm not a bit vexed," returned he, in a voice that sounded at once good-natured and determined; "I shall keep my temper just to disappoint you."

"You ought to be ashamed of your perversity—it is your duty to be teased, if you think that is what I want."

"I think you have tried it effectually during the past fortnight; why do you treat me so?"

"Oh, the pathetic tone!" laughed she. "Now I warn you, I am not in a mood to be moved by pathos."

She began arranging the roses that lay in her lap, and humming, provokingly—

"*Colin, tu s'en repentiras,*"

giving point to the song by a malicious little nod. Lasley made a gesture of impatience, and his eyes flashed with the fiery temper, which even yet he found it so difficult to control, but with a timely recollection that his only hope of being listened to was in preserving his composure, he said, quietly enough—

"I dare say Colin did repent, and I have no doubt that I shall, if you can make me, but it is too late to think of that—facts are stubborn things."

"I hate facts," interrupted Leonie. "Did you ever see anything so lovely as this buff rose?" She reached it toward him, but he only took both her hands and held them fast.

"You must listen to me," he said: "you can't put me off. I came here to-day to tell you all that is in my heart—all that you must have seen and felt was there, though you have prevented my speaking.

"My poor roses," was all she said, "you are crushing them! Please let go my hands, Mr. Lasley—you hurt me."

There would have been something petty and mean in her coquettish trifling when his face and voice showed how thoroughly earnest he was, had it not been for the pallor that overspread her face and the dull pain that dimmed her eyes, proving plainly enough that there was some stronger reason under than the mere feminine desire to torment a heart placed within its grasp.

"I don't hurt you," he answered; "I am not holding your hands closely, Leonie—let me call you that—you said the other evening that I might when we were alone."

"Very well, I have not taken back the permission—but I will unless you sit up in your chair and behave like a civilized christian—there is no necessity for being dramatic over speaking any fanciful name."

"When you have heard me out—"

"But I can't listen with my poor fingers in a vice."

"Go then," he said angrily, loosing her hands and rising from his seat. He walked several times up and down the room trying to regain control over himself, while Leonie Dormer sank down in her chair, absolutely gasping for breath and fighting with all her woman's will against some secret emotion which threatened to overthrow her affected carelessness. He came toward her at length, and she changed her position so that her back was to the light, sitting there quite still, and not attempting to interrupt him when he began again to speak.

"I love you, Leonie! Even if you had no interest whatever in me, the fact that I say those words in earnest ought to be reason enough for your hearing me—but I can't believe you feel toward me quite as you do to the other men about you."

"You know I do not," she answered humbly.

"Thank you at least for that—but I think I want something more—I can't be easily satisfied this morning."

"I am sure you have more—we are good friends—I am always better pleased to see you than anybody else."

"Do you think that is enough?"

"It ought to be, if only you would be reasonable and people would let us alone and not talk about our flirting."

"But I am not prepared to be what you call reasonable! I love you, and I want to be loved in return."

She had begun to recover her ability to hide her feelings and play any part that suited her whim or convenience by this time, and she said gayly—

"Only one of your delusions, my good friend! You like me—well, I'll not be modest. I dare say you admire me—but as for love, my dear Mark, that doesn't belong to our century, believe me."

"You have talked that sort of nonsense until you almost think you believe it; but it is not true, and in your heart you know it."

"That sentence is a jumble—"

"Now, Leonie, let us have an end of this—be true to yourself—be just to me! I love you—I want you to be my wife! I know that in a worldly point of view you might do better, but we have each money enough—surely you would not sell yourself for gold, though the gossips have declared that you were undecided between three or four of the tiresome animals who have laid their millions at your feet. I know all they can say against me—that I have been reckless, fast—but I love you. I never loved any other woman and I never shall, however you may act. Are you laughing at me, Leonie?"

"Laughing at you! Indeed I am not," she answered, with more earnestness than she had before shown, and as she looked full in his face he saw that her eyes were moist—a rare sign of emotion with her.

"You do feel," he exclaimed; "you do believe me!"

"Yes—I think you are in earnest now—but it would not answer—it could not last."

"That is fairly insulting!"

"Hush! I cannot talk to you this morning if you get angry."

"You do care for me, Leonie, more than you admit even to yourself."

"I don't want to lose your society and friendship," she answered honestly; "no man's admiration is half so pleasant to me—I will own that."

"Promise me to reflect—to make up your mind—"

"I can't promise that," she interrupted. "I tell you frankly, Mark, it would be better if you would go away forever—better if you had never seen me."

She began to speak quietly enough, but before she finished, her voice and words rung with a bitter emphasis which she could not restrain.

"Do you mean to sell yourself, as people say?" he asked.

"I don't know what I mean—God help me!" she exclaimed.

"What is the matter, Leonie?" he cried, startled by the change in her. "Does anything trouble you?"

"Nothing," she answered, trying to laugh. "I told you I was nervous and absurd to-day. The truth is, we all get in the habit of indulging in theatricals on every possible occasion."

She was drawing her handkerchief out of the pocket of her dress, and a letter fell on the floor. Lasley stooped to pick it up, and she saw that the superscription was uppermost. Quick as a flash she dropped a handkerchief over the envelope.

"I don't wish you to see that," she said sharply; "let it alone."

She spoke with such abruptness, and there was something so odd in her manner, that his quick temper was roused.

"I never suspected you would try to deceive me at least," he exclaimed; "I did think you would be honest and truthful."

"Never mind what you thought," returned she. "Certainly you have no right to interfere with my letters."

"Certainly not—I beg your pardon."

"Give it to me, please," she said more gently.

Lasley stooped and gave her the letter and handkerchief together. While his head was averted in his anger, he heard her say in a slow, hollow voice—

"You have just handed me what is a reason for not marrying you—there, leave the subject now."

At that instant the sound of voices rose from the next room. Lasley could not endure the sight of anybody just then; he was too much upset by this incomprehensible scene for common-place talk with Mrs. Fanshawe or any of her tiresome friends, and with some incoherent words he left the apartment.

Leonie Dormer did not look up or speak—she started at the sound of the closing door, but sat still, holding the letter he had given her, and staring up at a glimpse of the blue sky through the parted curtains, with a weary, hopeless gaze, like a prisoner staring at it through his prison bars. She was roused by the entrance of a servant with a card—it was Walter Thorman's.

"Show him in," she said, hiding the letter once more in the folds of her dress.

As Thorman entered the room she rose from her seat to greet him with her usual composure.

"It was very good of you to come so soon," she said, holding out her hand.

"I had a particular reason for wishing to see you," he answered.

He had just left Milly, so bright and lovely in her youthful happiness, and as he looked at this woman, so weary and pale in spite of the splendor of her beauty, a quick thought of self-exultation passed through his mind that his choice had fallen upon an innocent, world-ignorant creature like his childish Milly, instead of a woman like this, with all her gifts and fascinations, upon whose face was so plainly written her weariness of the best hopes and pleasures that life can give.

"I never do care about reasons," said she, with one of her bewildering smiles, "but I am very glad that you came."

"I thought I ought," he replied; "I was sure you would not misunderstand my motives and—"

He hesitated a little, fearful of hurting her or wounding her pride by some wrong word.

"What do you mean, Mr. Thorman?" she asked. "What is it that you felt you ought to tell me?"

"Some news that I have—perhaps you have already heard it—if so—"

"I have heard no news," she broke in.

"Then I had better tell you—it is right you should know."

"Yes—of course—tell me."

He still hesitated; it was difficult to speak of a matter which little as he understood it he felt to be full of pain and dread to her; but she did not shrink—one look in his face had warned her of what he had come to say.

"It is news from a distance," she said; "tell it—nothing ever takes me by surprise—I can bear anything."

She leaned back in her chair, forcing herself to be quiet—but her fingers knotted themselves tightly together and her eyes filled with a wild light that told of the storm of emotions roused within.

"I saw in a morning paper," he went on, "a list of passengers which had been telegraphed as having sailed from San Francisco in yesterday's steamer."

He stopped suddenly, checked by a quick breath she gave that was like a sob, but when he looked up in alarm, she motioned him to proceed.

"Among them was the name—"

"Stop," she interrupted, "don't speak it; I said I could bear anything—but don't speak that name."

"I wish—" he did not finish; he wanted to say something expressive of his sympathy, his desire to serve her, but a sense of his utter inability checked the words.

"You are certain?" she asked.

"Perfectly; I have the paper here."

He drew the journal from his breast-pocket, unfolded it, and pointed to a paragraph. Mrs. Dormer took the paper that fluttered in her hand as if a sudden wind had blown through the room, and read for an instant in silence.

"You were right," she said, "thank you."

The journal fell on the floor at her side—she sat gazing straight before her, apparently forgetful of his presence. Thorman felt that if he were to live a hundred years, he could never forget her face as it looked then, with its dilated eyes, and the features fixed in an awful whiteness of wrath and despair.

"If there is anything I could do," he said at last; "if you could name any way in which I could serve you."

She started at the sound of his voice—drew her hand across her forehead, and looked at him with a strange ghost of a smile upon her lips.

"Again I thank you," she said, in a cold, grating voice; "you have done all that you can; no human being could help me further, and I think Heaven will not."

It seemed so heartless to remain silent—but what consolation could he offer—what hope was it possible to give, to which she might cling in that moment of blackness to which even the remembrance of the great mercy above could bring no relief.

After a little, she spoke again.

"I believe that sounded wicked—I did not mean it so; it was very weak, too; but bold and self-reliant as I am, sometimes I am forced to remember that I am only a woman."

"If you would let me speak—if you would not think me impertinent—"

"You know that I should not; but I do not see that there is anything more to be said. I was a mad fool to suppose that promises from that quarter could be for an instant held sacred! You have given me warning of my danger, and I am grateful to you—that is all you can do."

"If I knew the whole story—don't think I say this to gratify any feeling of curiosity—I might be able to help you."

"Impossible," she answered, in a voice so hollow and deep, that it showed how closely she had regarded her trouble—whatever it might be—upon every side, and knew that an iron door had shut between her and the hope of assistance.

"I am deeply grieved," he said, moved to his heart by her misery; "I know that sounds very poor, but it is all I can say."

"It is a great deal," she replied, with that same phantom of a smile still on her lips; "there is no other human being even to say that."

He saw that she was wholly unfit for further conversation, and rose to go.

"I can't bear to leave you like this," he said, "but I believe it is the kindest thing I can do."

"Yes—the very kindest. You know I am used to bearing my burthen alone."

It was all the more pitiful to witness her wretchedness, and remember that the whole world was at her feet; no woman so courted and admired, and she with this secret weighing on her life that shut out all possibility of peace or rest.

"You are not sorry to know?" he asked.

"Glad—glad! Don't be troubled—don't think about me; I shall weather the tempest," she answered. "You are very kind and good, Mr. Thorman—you look happy, too—tell me that you are!"

"Yes," he said, and Milly's image rose like a picture of peace before his fancy; "I have more content than I deserve."

"Not more than you deserve—I am so glad—so glad! Say good-bye, now. When you see me again, I shall have got over this, and you will be able to think of me as the world sees me—that's better."

He went away, and Leonie Dormer sat there alone once more, and again she stared up at the blue sky; now, with a face convulsed and anguish-stricken, as that of a lost soul gazing up out of the blackness of purgatory into the light of the unreachable heaven.

At last she drew from her pocket the letter she had written on the previous night—tore it into fragments and flung them on the fire.

"Burn," she muttered; "oh, I would not care if it were your soul or mine! Heaven help me—this misery will turn me into a fiend."

She struck her bosom fiercely with her hand, tottered back to a seat, and with one gasping sigh, fainted completely away, and lay there pale and cold as if life itself had gone out in that mental struggle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A young gentleman, very conceited and vain of himself, and who, by-the-by, was much despised, with a face much pitted by the small pox, was addressed by a chap, who, after admiring him for some time, exclaimed—"When carved work comes in fashion, you'll be the handsomest man I ever put my eyes on."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 15, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2,50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The following is said to have been the address made by Louis Napoleon to the Constituent Assembly when assuming, in 1848, the Presidency of the French Republic:—

"I appear among you as a warm and true democrat and republican. I take the shadow of the man of the century as the symbol of the promise I now solemnly make. I will be, as I always was, a child of France. In every true Frenchman I will ever see a brother. The democratic republic is the object of my adoration, and I will be her minister. *Never will I try to clothe myself in imperial robes.* May my heart cease to beat on the day when I forget what I owe to you—what I owe to France. May my lips be forever closed if I say a word against the republican sovereignty of the French people. May I be cursed if I suffer doctrines to be taught in my name contrary to the democratic principles and the Government of the Republic. May I be condemned if I lay a treasonable hand upon the rights of the people, either with their consent or against their will by force. And now trust me as I'll trust you; and may this call from me, be like a prayer to Heaven. *Vive la République.*"

Fettered by a pledge like that, how could any honest, honorable, or truthful man assume the purple? To make himself Emperor was one thing, to break his solemn pledge was another, and in our opinion, a far more serious thing.

AMUSING.

In a collection of autographs recently sold at New York, was a letter from Charles Dickens to G. P. R. James. The letter is dated July 26th, 1842, relates to the copyright question, and contains the following passage descriptive of the American people:

I fully agree with you, that one can expect but little in this respect from a people who have shown themselves so shamelessly dishonest in the plain question of repaying or withholding borrowed money. But we can at least show them that we, the robbed, entertain for them, the robbers, a very disdainful and contemptuous disgust, and I rather think that this, in the slow fullness of time, will move them more than all the considerations of abstract justice that will have been spread abroad between the first hour of the creation and the last of the day of judgment would be likely to do if they could be all arrayed together and brought to bear against them.

Not very complimentary that.

NEARLY all the great lakes of Maine are more than a thousand feet above tide-water.

Are not the lakes themselves fled water?

WAR.

We commend the following to those who are believers in the opinion that good results from war. It makes a distinction which should not be lost sight of:—

"Sir," writes a correspondent of Public Opinion, signing his name Thom. S. Passmore, "Mr. Cooke, in your last issue, most sensibly and truly says that 'War clears the moral atmosphere, as thunderstorms do the terrestrial one.'" No, Mr. Passmore. Mr. Cooke's observation has very little truth in it, and no sense at all. War may, now and then, clear the moral atmosphere, but generally thickens it. For war, friend Passmore, look you, must needs be a contest either of armed fools with armed fools, armed thieves with armed thieves, or armed thieves with armed policemen. In the latter case only does war clear the moral atmosphere. Then it clears the moral atmosphere of blackguardism in proportion to the magnitude of the policeman's victory over the thieves, and the amount of the butcher's bill the thieves let themselves in for. Otherwise, it clears the moral atmosphere no more than the physical. On the contrary, it equally obscures the one and the other. It throws back civilization for many years. Familiarizing people with carnage and destruction, it comes to be regarded by them with levity, at least until they finally draw it down upon themselves. It increases brutality among the multitude, and it gives occasion to the malignant portion of the educated classes to sneer at pacific counsels with tongue and pen, and cry, "Ridiculous are the Peacemakers." The fire and smoke with which it loads the air we breathe bodily, correspond to the heats and the darkness which it engenders in that which our minds inhale. War, unless when just and successful, can clear the moral atmosphere only by clearing it of morality.

THE DAILY PRESS.—The "*Evening City Item*" has enlarged its borders by the addition of a column to each page, making an increase of four columns in all. It is said to be succeeding finely.

The *Germantown Chronicle*, having enlarged, has raised its price to two cents. We cannot read all the papers, but we do read the *Chronicle*, for the sake in a great degree of its editorial articles, which are of most excellent quality—being condensed, independent, and full of sound and vigorous thought.

A GENTLEMAN from "the city of brotherly love" has been fined $8 and costs at Winthrop, Me., for an assault "with intent to kiss" a young lady of Monmouth.

Do they call that true hospitality in Maine? It is not even "lip-service."

THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CIRCLE—The Arctic Circle, which few have succeeded in getting into.

It is thus in social life, the most exclusive circles are apt to be arctic ones.

☞ How long will that slate pavement now being laid in front of Independence Hall last?

To judge by the looks of it, perhaps three years.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY: Accompanied with numerous illustrations, a colored representation of the Solar, Stellar, and Nebular Spectra, and Celestial Charts of the Northern and the Southern Hemisphere. By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, Editor of "Nature," etc. American Edition, Revised and Specially Adapted to the Schools of the United States. This is one of the best books of the kind we have seen for a long time, and we feel just like sitting down and studying it through from beginning to end, the matter is so interesting. We should have no hesitation in commending it to schools, for it is just what is needed as an elementary text book on Astronomy, embodying as it does the most recent and interesting results of astronomical discovery. Spectrum-analysis is fully explained, and distances, masses, etc., are based upon the recent determination of the solar parallax. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK RECEIPTS AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS. Carefully Selected and Arranged. By S. ANNIE FROST. For many years a contributor to the magazine. Published by Evans, Stoddart & Co., Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The October number contains "Our Israelitish Brethren," "Joseph and his Friend," "Regret," "Old-town Fireside Stories," "Speckled Trout," "My Retreat," "A German Landlady," "Under the Skylight," &c. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE. Containing Choice Selections from Foreign Current Literature. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philada.

MERRY'S MUSEUM, for October. Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston.

PARTY DANCES FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO, OR REED ORGAN. Consisting of the most popular Cotillions, Polka Quadrilles, Lancers, Fancy Dances, Waltzes, Schottisches, Reels, Hornpipes, Jigs, &c. With the Figures or Steps for Dancing. Arranged in a Light and Easy manner, by SEP. WINNER. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; and by C. H. Ditson & Co., New York.

☞ A convention to organize a State Temperance Society was held in St. Louis recently. Horace Greeley made an address, urging the formation of societies throughout the state, and the dissemination of knowledge as to the evils of alcohol among the people, and stating that he did not believe in prohibitory laws. An attempt was made in the convention to organize a separate political movement, but it failed.

☞ SARDINES.—The scarcity of sardines is due to the fact that these fish are now extensively converted into oil, for the manufacture of soap, 1,000 tons of sardine oil having been imported, during the last year, into Liverpool, where it sells readily at from $160 to $168 in gold per ton of 252 gallons, a gallon weighing about nine pounds.

☞ Soft soap, it is said, will soften the hardest putty.

☞ A woman in Catoosa county, Georgia, is reported to have recently shouted herself to death under excessive religious excitement.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—The Paris correspondent of the Times writes that supplies of meat are vanishing. Breadstuffs are plenty and stored in convenient places. There is, also, plenty of guns, ammunition, etc.

The Prussian guns are nearly all in position before Paris, and the bombardment will be commenced from all the batteries simultaneously the moment the arrangements are perfected.

Pietri, formerly Prefect of Police at Paris, to-day publishes, in the name of the Emperor, a repudiation of the Williamshoe manifesto.

Bismarck has found it necessary to make public the following statement:

"VERSAILLES, Oct. 6, 1.35 P. M.—I do not hold the opinion that the republican institutions of France constitute any danger for Germany, nor have I, as asserted in a letter of the 17th ultimo, published in the London Daily Telegraph, ever expressed such a view to Mallet or to any other person.

"BISMARCK."

Bismarck also makes, it is stated, the following statement:

The cession of Strasbourg and Metz, which we seek in territorial connection, implies a reduction of the French territory equal in area to the increases through Savoy and Nice, the population of which provinces obtained from Italy, was about three-quarters of a million.

When it is considered that France, according to the census of 1866, numbers 38,000,000 inhabitants without Algiers, and with Algiers, now furnishing an essential of the French war forces, 42,000,000, it is palpable that a decrease of three quarters of a million changes nothing in the importance of France as against foreign countries, while we leave to this great Empire the same elements of power, possession whereof in the Oriental and Italian war, enabled it to exercise so decisive an influence in the destiny of Europe.

ROME, Oct. 7.—Jesuits are leaving the city. The vote of Rome, taken on Sunday, showed a vote of fifty or sixty thousand in favor of the rulership of Victor Emanuel, only fifty or sixty votes having been cast against it. It is only fair to say, however, that the Pope had requested his partisans not to vote.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—A dreadful earthquake has just occurred in Calabria. Many lives were lost, and several villages utterly destroyed.

Five hundred houses were destroyed in Strasbourg by the bombardment, and the number of persons rendered homeless reaches ten thousand. Subscriptions for their relief are general throughout Germany.

It is denied that the Strasbourg Cathedral escaped serious damage by the late bombardment. Persons just arriving from the scene, report that the edifice suffered severely.

Ancient Battles.

Although the carnage in the battles of the present war has been very great, it falls far short of the losses sustained in some of the battles which have become famous in the world's history. In the subjoined list the losses in several instances are given of one side only.

Date.	Battle or Siege.	Losses.
479 B. C.	Platea	300,000
333 B. C.	Issus	110,000
70 A. D.	Jerusalem	1,000,000
1214	Bannockburn	50,000
1539	Vienna	10,000
1704	Blenheim	30,000
1709	Ismael	30,000
1805	Austerlitz	40,000
1806	Jena	60,000
1813	Leipsig	25,000

It is evident from the above list that no recent struggles can compare, in the fearful item of loss of life, with many battles in history. It is estimated that nearly seven billion men have perished on the battle-fields of the world; but there is scarcely a battle of the last three centuries which can at all rival in destructiveness many ancient struggles.

THE WAR TELEGRAMS.—The following are the various telegrams about Gen. Failly for instance:—

1. General Failly has been shot.
2. The report that General Failly was shot by order of General McMahon is contradicted.
3. General McMahon has ordered General Failly to be shot.
4. General Failly was shot by one of his own men.
5. Gen. Failly was shot in a sortie of the garrison at Metz.
6. Ditto at Sedan.
7. Ditto at Strasbourg.
8. General Failly was shot, but not fatally wounded, at the battle of Gravelotte.
9. General Failly has been shot.
10. General Failly has not been shot.
11 to 20. *Da Capo.*
21. General Failly is a prisoner at Mayence, where he is sumptuously entertained at the expense of King William.

Now where is General Failly? And is he dead or alive?

☞ There is a ragged school in London, in which, in order to retain the scholars at all, the teachers are compelled to let them out in time to pick the pockets of the people on their way from church.

☞ It is said that in the vicinity of Indian reservations, innocent sharpers at cards are often astounded to find that where they expect to beat they are beaten at their own game. A game of euchre or poker is proposed to them as soon as they have received the money due to them from government, and they, nothing loth, sit down and with most stolid faces "cheat the eyes" out of those who picked them up for flats. They see through all tricks and take them as a matter of course, evidently believing them to be part of the game to be met by skillful counter-checks on their part.

☞ The Shetland pony has powers proportionably greater than the gigantic draught horse, for he will, with apparent ease, carry a man of one hundred and sixty pounds a long distance, provided the rider can make it possible to gather up his feet so that they will not drag on the ground.

☞ An author likes praise of course—but often when the world thinks he is after the critics' praise, he does not care a copper for that praise, *in itself*, but only as it enables him to get a position, and to sell his books. The pot must be kept boiling to enable him to live, and to write more.

☞ A woman is reported to have recently died in England from the effects of a poison administered into her system by a fly, which, after having been upon some patent fly-paper, lighted on her nose, upon a spot where there had been a slight scratch, leaving an open wound.

The Flight of the Empress.

The story of the flight of the Empress, as given by Parisian correspondents, is profoundly sad. Nothing could have been further from her thoughts than abandonment of the Regency, even after the news of the surrender of the Emperor had reached her. She was roused from sleep on the morning after the battle of Sedan by an officer of the household, who ventured to disturb her by a message sent through a *femme de chambre*. He assured Eugenie there was no time for hesitation, that she must resign the power into the hands of the nation. At first she absolutely refused to consider any suggestion of abdication, resolved to await events. Meanwhile the attendants, somewhat alarmed, were packing up and conveying their property away by the same means employed for the imperial luggage. In less than two hours from the first alarm the palace was entirely deserted. High and low, officers and lackeys, maids and ladies in waiting, had fled, moved by one feeling of self-interest; and of all that glittering crowd not one single individual remained. It was then, and not till then, that the Empress Eugenie first experienced the sense of that dread reality which had fallen upon her. They say that when she rang the bell which stood upon her writing-table and received no answer, she rose to open the door of the waiting-room, and found it deserted, with the evidences of the horrid flight of the attendants visible all around. She returned to her own chamber and called aloud for "Pepita!"—the old Spanish nurse who lies buried in the cemetery of St. Cloud—and, clasping her hands over her forehead, burst into a passion of tears. Thus deserted, she left the palace alone and on foot, and, uncertain which way to go, passed through the gate of the private garden. There she was met by a gentleman, who had evidently been in waiting, who placed his vehicle at her disposal. With much hesitation the Empress entered the carriage, there seeming no other course to pursue, and a mob of boys, gathering around, terrified her with their rude shouts. It is said that this gentleman was M. De Lesseps, upon whom Eugenie had bestowed many favors in brighter days—and, it seems, not in vain. Such is, in brief, one account of her flight. Others vary in some particulars.

Old Ministers.

Rev. Dr. Todd, in his letter resigning the sole charge of the First Congregational Society in Pittsfield, Mass., thus refers to the experiences of clergymen on the "retired list."

You can readily see that the position of an aged minister is, and must be, one of great trials.

(*a*) The first great trial is, of course, to feel that he has done his work—is no longer needed, and must be set aside. The world no longer looks to him. When a lawyer retires from public speaking, he can go to his office and do office business. Probably eighth-tenths of all the law business in the Commonwealth is done in the office. When a physician retires from visiting his patients, he can go to his office, and still carry on his consultations: but when the minister has done public speaking, he has no such resource. A trial this.

(*b*) It is a trial to stand still and see his powers and faculties decay, and to know that he ought to take joyfully this spoiling of his goods.

(*c*) It is a trial to see his flock all turning away from him, as they ought to do, and following another shepherd. He reasons that they are not turning against him, but the poor human heart is in danger of feeling that they do. Reason does not always sit firm on her throne, with her eye clear.

(*d*) Another trial is, that if the minister has given his life to his appropriate work, as he ought, he finds in old age, that he must be curtailed in many comforts to which he has been accustomed, and is also in danger of dreading poverty, or of being a burden.

It is said, too, that usually his people occupy the first year of his successor's life in telling him the faults of the old minister. In this case I should not wonder if it took two years.

These are some of the trials of an old minister, in addition to those infirmities of age under which all must bend, as we see the streams of earth, one after another, dry up, and feel the feet grow unsteady as we shuffle down the hill of life. These trials you will, I doubt not, most kindly take into consideration.

☞ During a recent fair at Nashville, a live crocodile from the river Nile, was on exhibition in connection with a side show. While the tent, under which this creature was being exhibited, was pretty well crowded with ladies and gentlemen, a dandily-dressed negro with his "Betsy Jane" swinging to his arm came stalking in with an air of supreme indifference, which was really amusing. In reply to his fair (?) companion as to "What's dat scaly thing in de water?" this colored gentleman, straightening himself up, rearing back and raising his voice to an unusual pitch, doubtless with a view of impressing the by-standers with his great knowledge of the animal kingdom, said:—"Dat! don't you know what dat is? Why dat's a concubine from de Nile!"

☞ Champagne, it is believed, will be very scarce for several years, in consequence of the districts producing that wine and the great depots of Reims and Chalons, with their millions of bottles, having been occupied by the German armies. This year's vintage is destroyed, and the damage to the owners of the vineyards, the wine makers, and the merchants, it is calculated, will exceed twenty millions of dollars. Of course the sham-pegne wines will still be produced, and in greater abundance than ever, so that the manufacturers of cider will profit by the war.

☞ WAR BALLOONS.—The piercing of a captive balloon by a bullet does not at once render it unserviceable, as was proved in 1793 by Coutelle, who remained up for three-quarters of an hour after the silk had been struck by nine balls. The principal dread is an explosive or hot bullet; but, as M. de Gangler remarks in a pamphlet on the subject, at the worst the balloon would only blow up, an event which does not happen every day, and perfect safety is with difficulty obtained in war. Great things are expected from the night work of these balloons equipped with the electric light.

☞ A French colony in Franklin, Kansas, have established the first velvet factory in the United States. It is contemplated to make not only ribbon, but sewing silks, tassels, trimmings and other dress materials.

☞ A New York wedding was lately distinguished by a gift to the bride of a $100,000 diamond necklace, and $75,000 worth of silver ware.

☞ Letters have been received from General Sheridan, who is still at the Prussian headquarters. He has witnessed all the battles from the beginning of the war, and was present at the surrender of Napoleon. He reports that the Prussian armies are well organized and equipped, but expresses the positive opinion that neither the French or Prussian soldier is equal to our own in point of intelligence, skill and arms. Our Remington breech-loaders, he says, is far superior to the Chassepot or needle-gun. He will remain at the Prussian headquarters, probably, until the close of the siege of Paris.

☞ It is said that the following device which has recently been used at the Lewistown (Maine) Mills greatly economize fuel. The coal to be burned is ground to a fine dust, which, together with air enough to produce instantaneous combustion, is carried by a blower into the furnace where it is to be used. The coal dust leaps into flame like a flake of powder. It is claimed that this device saves thirty-three per cent. of the expense of making steam, and besides, that the steam can be generated in one-half the time needed when ordinary fuel is used in the ordinary way.

☞ There was a trial of speed at the Doylestown Fair between Lady Lightfoot, Fanny Allen, Snow Flake and Lady Whitman. Lady Lightfoot won, the shortest time being 2.34.

☞ Arrivals at San Francisco from the Ochotsk fleet, report an immense catch of codfish.

☞ A Kansas lady, on retiring to her room, one night, found it literally filled with martins, which had flown in during her absence. Instead of harshly turning them out in the cold, the kind-hearted lady captured nearly all the little creatures, and had them served up the next day in a pot-pie.

☞ FITZHUGH LUDLOW.—The death of this distinguished writer and journalist is announced at Geneva, Switzerland. Mr. Ludlow was but thirty-three years of age, but had already attained considerable eminence. While he retained his health he was an industrious and brilliant writer.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—12,000 bbls, in lots, at prices ranging from $4,50@5 for superfine; $5,25@6 for extra; $6,50@7 for North-West family; $6,50@6,75 for Pennsylvania family; $6,50@7,25 for Indiana and Ohio family; and $7,50@8,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. 350 bbls of Rye Flour sold at $5,50.

GRAIN—Wheat—60,000 bus sold at $1,23@1,37 for good Indiana red; $1,25@1,40 for prime do; $1,25@1,30 for Delaware and Maryland red; $1,04@1,42 for Indiana amber; $1,35@1,38 for Pennsylvania red; $1,20 for Iowa spring; $1,45@1,50 for Western white; and $1,55@1,60 ₩ bus for Southern white. Rye—2500 bus sold at 87@90c ₩ bus for Western and Pennsylvania. Corn—About 50,000 bus sold at 86@90c for low mixed; 93@95c for high mixed; 96c@$1,02 for Pennsylvania and Delaware yellow; 95c@$1 for Western yellow, and 90c for Western white. Oats—75,000 bus sold at 48@51c for Southern; 50@52c for Pennsylvania; and 50@52 for Western. Barley—12,000 bus of Western sold at 1,10@1,15.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $25@26,50, clear at $18, and extra prime at $14. Mess Beef is steady at $20,50@23 for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $27@28. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 20@22c; Excelsior hams at 18c; sides at 17@18½c, and shoulders at 14@14½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 18@19c; sides at 14c, and shoulders, in salt, at 13c. Lard—Sales of bbls and tierces at 15½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@17c; Penna stone packed at 20@24c, and Bradford county at 35@40c. Eggs—Sales at 28@31c. Cheese sells at 14@14½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—700 bales of middlings sold at 16¼@16½c ₩ lb for upland and 16¾@17c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales of No. 1 Quercitron $27 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark at $16@22 for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 3½@3¾c ₩ lb. Green Apples at $1,50@2,50 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Best Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,10@1,25; mixed do, $1,00@1,10; Straw, $1,15@1,25.

HOPS—Sales at 17@20c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No. 1 at $32. We quote No. 2 at $30@31. Bar Iron sells at $53,50@55 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $33@34,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—650 bus sold at $6,25@6,75. Timothy—Sales of 675 bus at $4,75@5. Flaxseed at $2,15.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3534 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $60 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—17,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5¾c ₩ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $11,50 to 12,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have used the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine in my family for about eight years, and it has been thoroughly tested by every member of my family able to use a machine, and they all agree with me in pronouncing it the best machine for a family in use. It is, I think, more remarkable for its simplicity, durability and strength of stitch than any other machine."—*Wm. Dubé, Danville, Ky.*

The Word Sozodont,

Which is fast becoming a household word, is derived from the Greek, and composed of two words, Sozo and Odontes. "Sozo," translated, means to preserve, and "odontes," the teeth. SOZODONT, a preserver of the teeth. And it is true to its name.

"SPALDING'S GLUE" will mend your ways, or anything else that needs mending.

YOU cannot do a better thing for your wife on a washing day than provide her a Doty Washer and a Universal Wringer. It will keep aches from her back and arms, wrinkles from her forehead and roughness from her hands. It will do the work of a hired woman and save your linen from being scrubbed out and her temper from being chafed out.—*New York Weekly Tribune, March 23, 1870.*

A Talk Between Two Wives.

"About a week after Thanksgiving," writes a lady who signs her name Emma D. Ellerson, and dates her letter "Bartlett street, Brooklyn, E. D.," "me and my friend Mrs. A. McDaren, my next-door neighbor, had a serious talk about our husbands. Mine is a lithographic printer, and her's a picture-frame gilder. They had both been working over-hours, and were completely broken down, rested badly, couldn't eat, and complained of sick headache. We had heard that PLANTATION BITTERS was first-rate in such cases; so we sent for two bottles, and persuaded our husbands to try the effect. It worked like a charm; and now, after taking the Bitters for four weeks, they are both, so to speak, like new men. Their strength and health are thoroughly recruited, appetites good, spirits cheerful, and they say they can bear twice the fatigue, without inconvenience, that they could a month ago. Thinking that the proprietors of such an excellent remedy have a right to know the good it is doing, I send you these lines."

"The simple purity of SEA MOSS FARINE, its acknowledged healthfulness, unrivalled flavor, delicacy, great convenience and economy, will win for it, as we believe it deserves, the foremost place among all articles intended for similar purposes."—*Sun.*

Scratch! Scratch! Can't Sleep O'Nights.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. CURES ITCH, TETTER.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. CURES SALT RHEUM.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. CURES ITCHING PILES.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. CURES BARBER'S ITCH.
SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. ALL SKIN DISEASES.

No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 8th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. aug6-eowtf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

A Torpid System.

Sometimes, without any assignable cause, the physical strength and animal spirits give way, and a strange torpor falls alike on the body and intellect. There is little or no pain perhaps, but the natural vigor and elasticity of the nervous and muscular system seems to have departed, and an indifference to the pleasures of life, and even of its grave responsibilities, takes the place of that earnest interest in both which characterizes every well-balanced mind when in a healthy condition. This state of partial collapse is often the premonitory symptoms of some serious malady. It indicates unmistakably that the vital powers are languishing and need a stimulant. In such cases the effect of a few doses of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is wonderfully beneficial. The great tonic wakes up the system from its drowse. The secretions and the circulation receive a new impetus. The relaxed nerves recover their elasticity under the operations of the specific, like the slackened strength of a musical instrument in the process of tuning. Lethargy and debility are replaced by energy and vigor, the spirits rise, and life that almost seemed a burden while the season of depression lasted, becomes once more enjoyable. That such a radical change should be produced by a remedy entirely devoid of the powerful alkaloids and minerals so extensively used in modern practice, may seem incredible to those who pin their faith on the medicinal efficacy of active poisons, but if these skeptics will take the trouble to inquire of those who have tested the corrective and alterative virtues of the Bitters under the circumstances described, they will find the statement to be true. oct1-3t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try It. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sept-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th of Sept., by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. WILLIAM R. DAVIS to Miss HANNAH A. R. CORNMAN, both of Manayunk.

On the 29th of Sept., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. PHILIP H. BARNES to Miss MARY L. MORRIS, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William Cathcart, Mr. AUGUST KNOTT to Miss ANNIE TWADDEL, both of this city.

On the 4th of Sept., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM SCOTT to Miss MARTHA FEATHERSTON, both of this city.

On the 24th of Sept., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. ANNA H. BURNETT to Miss MARY J. EARLE, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 9th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM K. DEAN to Miss MARTHA VANDEGRIFT both of Newark, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH CRAIG, aged 86 years.

On the 4th instant, SUSAN, wife of Mr. Jacob Hents, aged 73 years.

On the 3d instant, HARRIET, wife of Thos. Sheridan, in her 26th year.

On the 3d instant, JOHN K. SAPPINGTON, in his 45th year.

On the 3d instant, JOHN MCCLAY, in his 55th year.

On the 3d instant, JOSEPH B. POWELL, in his 49th year.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM BRANDT, Sr., in his 56th year.

On the 3d instant, SAMUEL VANCE, in his 88th year.

On the 1st instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Peter Young, aged 21 years.

On the 1st instant, THEODORE BURDSALL, in his 39th year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows. We begin an admirable Novelet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the present paper—that of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with this date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.

We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50.	
3 copies,	$4 00
4 "	6.00
8 " (and one extra)	8.00
9 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16 00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4 00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called **"The Sisters."** It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence.** It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

Club Subscribers, who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.
TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all! And those sending their names by the first of December, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

BEYOND.

BY ELSIE VANE.

Dear Lord, what lies beyond?
Beyond these mountains rising grand and tall;
Is it some vast illimitable expanse?
And is that all?,
Or is it some fair land;
The land of song of which the poet sings,
Some island beautiful, whereon are found
All fair and lovely things?

We know what lies this side;
Broad fields and pleasant meads and arid plains,
And little rills, rugged perchance, but crowned
With healthful grains.
Deserts and dreary wastes,
And low green valleys open on our sight,
And over all the silent, solemn stars
Keep watch in the still night.

But what doth lie beyond?
Is it some garden rich in fruit and flower,
Where blossoms honey-laden there distill
Their fragrance hour by hour?
And do they never fade?
Nor are they chilled by bitter winds that blow
Down the steep heights upon the farther side?
Nor touched by frost nor snow?

Oh, what doth lie beyond?
Who, who can tell? Is it some fair, green shore?
On which the waves of a transparent sea
Break evermore?
Hath no one ere beheld
It is so far beyond our mortal ken?
Hath none of all that crossed these purple hills
Ever returned again?

Ah, soon mine eyes shall see
Beyond these hills, beyond the gloom and gold,
And that strange land so wrapped in mystery
I shall behold.
Then shall the morning break,
The happy morning break with song and sun,
And doubt and mist shall flee away and night
Shall be forever done.

—Portland Transcript.

THE PASTOR OF VEILBY;

A TRUE STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The most striking case of circumstantial evidence, in which the testimony against the accused was altogether fabricated by the accuser, is one taken from the Danish records, and which, from its impressiveness, has been made the subject of romance by both Danish and German writers. It is to one of these that we are indebted for the following details, but we shall, as far as possible, eliminate the romantic elements, and present the facts only to the reader. The unhappy fate of the clergyman, Soren Qvist, is familiar to his countrymen, though many generations have passed away since the untoward and deplorable events which are about to be related.

Soren was the pastor of the little village of Veilby, situated a few miles from Grenaee, in the Jutland peninsula. He was a man of excellent moral character, generous, hospitable, and diligent in the performance of his sacred duties; but he was also a man of constitutionally violent temper, which he lacked the ability to restrain, and was consequently subject at times to fierce outbreaks of wrath, which were a scourge to his household when they occurred, and a humiliation to himself. Like most Danish clergyman of that day, he was a tiller of the soil, as well as a preacher of the Word; and from the produce of his tithes, and the cultivation of his farm, realized a comfortable competence. He was a widower with two children—a daughter who kept house for him, and a son holding an officer's commission in the army. At Ingvorstrup, a village not far from Veilby, dwelt a cattle-farmer, one Morten Bruns, who, by means anything but honest and honorable, had acquired considerable property, and who was in ill repute as a reckless self-seeker, and oppressor of the poor. This man Morten thought fit to pay court to the pastor's daughter, but his suit was rejected by both parent and child; and either the refusal, or the manner of it, so irritated the suitor that he swore secretly to be revenged on both.

Some months later, when the short-lived suit had been forgotten, the pastor, being in want of a farm servant, engaged Neils Bruns, a poor brother of the rich Morten, the discarded lover. Neils soon showed himself to be an utterly worthless fellow, lazy, impudent, and overbearing; and the result was a constant recurrence of quarrels and mutual recriminations between him and his master. Soren on more than one occasion gave the fellow a thrashing, which did not at all tend to improve the relations between them. These relations, however, were destined to come to a speedy close. The pastor had set Niels to dig a piece of ground in the garden, but on coming out he found him not digging, but leisurely resting on his spade and cracking nuts which he had plucked, his work being left undone. The pastor scolded him angrily; the man retorted that it was no business of his to dig in the garden; at which Soren struck him twice in the face, and the fellow, throwing down the spade, retaliated with a volley of abuse. Thereupon the old man lost all self-control, and seizing the spade, he dealt the fellow several blows with it. Niels fell to the earth like one dead; but when his master in great alarm raised him up he broke away, leaped through the hedge, and made off into the neighboring wood. From that time he was seen no more, and all inquiries after him proved vain. The above was the pastor's account of the facts.

Ere long strange rumors began to circulate in the neighborhood, and, as a matter of course, they reached the pastor's ears. Morten Bruns was known to have said that "he would make the parson produce his brother even if he had to dig him out of the earth." Soren was intensely pained at the calumny implied, and instituted at his own expense a quiet search after the missing man—a search which failed altogether. Even before that failure was known, Morten Bruns, in fulfilment of his threat, applied to the district magistrate, taking with him as witnesses one Larsen, a cottager, and a laborer's widow and daughter, on the strength of whose testimony he declared his suspicion that the pastor had slain his brother. The magistrate represented to him the risk he ran in making so serious a charge against the clergyman, and advised him to weigh the matter well before it was too late. But Morten persisted in his design, and the statements of the witnesses were taken down. The widow Karsten deposed, that on the very day when Niels Bruns was said to have fled from the parsonage she and her daughter Else had passed by the pastor's garden about the hour of noon. When they were nearly in front of the hedge which encloses it on the eastern side they heard some one calling Else. It was Niels, who was on the other side of the hazel bushes, and who now bent back the branches, and asked Else if she would have some nuts. She took a handful, and then asked him what he was doing there? He answered, that the pastor had ordered him to dig, but that the job did not suit him, and he preferred cracking nuts. Just then they heard a door in the house open, and Niels said, "Now, listen, and you shall hear a preachment." Directly after they heard (they could not see, because the hedge was too high and too thick) how the two quarrelled, and how the one paid the other in kind. At last they heard the pastor cry, "I will beat thee, dog, until thou liest dead at my feet!" Whereupon there were sounds as of blows, and then they heard Niels calling the pastor a rogue and a hangman. To this the pastor made no reply; but they heard two blows, and saw the iron blade of a spade and part of the handle swing twice above the hedgerow, but in whose hands the spade was they could not discern. After this all was quiet in the garden, and, somewhat alarmed and excited, the widow and her daughter hurried on their way.

Larsen deposed that on the evening of the day following that of the disappearance of Niels, as he was returning home very late from Tolstrup, and was passing along the footpath which flanks the southern side of the pastor's garden, he heard from within the garden the sound of some one digging the earth. At first he was rather startled; but seeing that it was clear moonlight, he determined to find out who it was that was working in the garden at that late hour; whereupon he slipped off his wooden shoes, climbed up the hedge, and parted the tops of the hazel-bushes so as to enable himself to see. Then he saw the pastor in the green dressing-gown he usually wore, and with a white nightcap on his head, busied in levelling the earth with a spade; but more than this he did not see, for the pastor suddenly turned round as if some sound had struck his ear, and witness being afraid of detection, let himself down, and ran away.

When the witnesses had thus deposed, Morten demanded that the parson should be arrested. Wishing to avoid such a scandal if possible, the magistrate, who was a friend of Soren's, proposed that they should go together to the parsonage, where they would probably receive a satisfactory explanation of the facts deposed to. Morten consented to this, and the party set out. On approaching the house they saw Soren coming to meet them—when Morten ran forward, and bluntly accused him of murdering his brother, adding that he was come with the magistrate to make search for the dead body. The pastor made him no reply, but courteously greeting the magistrate, gave directions to the farm servants, who now gathered round, to aid by all the means in their power the search about to be made. Morten led the way into the garden, and after looking round for some time, pointed to a certain spot and called upon the men to dig there. The men fell to work, and Morten joined them, working with a show of frantic eagerness. When they had dug to a little depth the ground proved so hard that it was evident it had not been broken up for a long while. Soren had looked on quite at ease, and now he said to Morten, "Slanderer, what have you got for your pains?" Instead of replying, Morten turned to Larsen, and asked him where it was he had seen the parson digging. Larsen pointed to a heap of cabbage-stalks, dried haulms and other refuse, and said he thought that was the place. The rubbish was soon removed, and the men began digging at the soil beneath. They had not dug long when one of them cried out, "Heaven preserve us!" and as all present crowded to look, the crown of a hat was visible above the earth. "That is Neils' hat!" cried Morten, "I know it well—here for a surety we shall find him. Dig away!" he shouted with fierce energy, and was almost as eagerly obeyed. Soon an arm appeared, and in a few minutes the entire corpse was disinterred. There could be no doubt that it was the missing man. The face could not be recognized, for decomposition had commenced, and the features had been injured by blows; but all his clothes, unto his shirt with his name on it, were identified by his fellow-servants; even a leaden ring in the left ear of the corpse was recognised as one which Neils had worn for years.

There was no alternative but to arrest the pastor on the spot—indeed, he willingly surrendered himself, merely protesting his innocence. "Appearances are against me," he said; "surely this must be the work of Satan and his ministry; but He still lives who will at His pleasure make my innocence manifest. Take me to prison; in solitude and in chains I will await what He in His wisdom shall decree."

The pastor was removed to the goal at Grenaee the same night, and on the following day came the judicial examination. The first three witnesses confirmed their former statements on oath. Moreover, there now appeared three additional witnesses, viz., the pastor's two farm-servants and the dairymaid. The two former explained how on the day of the murder they had been sitting near the open window in the servants' room, and had heard distinctly how the pastor and the man Niels were quarrelling, and how the former had cried out, "I will slay thee, dog! thou shalt lie dead at my feet!" They added that they had twice before heard the pastor threaten Niels with the like. The dairymaid deposed that on the night when Larsen saw the pastor in the garden, she was lying awake in bed, and heard the door leading from the passage into the garden creak; and that when she rose and peeped out, she saw the pastor, in his dressing-gown and night-cap, go out into the garden. What he did there she saw not; but about an hour afterwards she again heard the creaking of the door.

When asked what he had to say in his defence, the pastor replied solemnly, "So help me God, I will say nothing but the truth. I struck deceased with the spade, but not otherwise than that he was able to run away from me, and out of the garden; what became of him afterwards, or how he came to be buried in my garden, I know not. As for the evidence of Larsen and the dairymaid, who say that they saw me in the garden in the night, it is either a foul lie or it is a hellish delusion. Miserable man that I am! I have no one on earth to speak in my defence—that I see clearly; if He in heaven likewise remains silent, I have only to submit to his inscrutable will."

When, some weeks later, the trial came on, two more fresh witnesses were produced. They declared that on the oft-mentioned night they were proceeding along the road which runs from the pastor's garden to the wood, when they met a man carrying a sack on his back, who passed them and walked on in the direction of the garden. His face they could not see, inasmuch as it was concealed by the overhanging sack; but as the moon was shining on his back, they could plainly descry that he was clad in a pale green coat and a white nightcap. He disappeared near the pastor's garden hedge. No sooner did the pastor hear the evidence of the witness to this effect than his face turned of an ashy hue, and he cried out in a faltering voice, "I am fainting!" and was so prostrated in body that he had to be taken back to prison. There, after a period of severe suffering, to the intense astonishment of every one, he made, to his friend, the district magistrate who had first arrested him, the following strange confession:—"From my childhood, as far back as I can remember, I have ever been passionate, quarrelsome and proud—impatient of contradiction, and ever ready with a blow. Yet have I seldom let the sun go down on my wrath, nor have I borne ill-will to any one. When but a lad I slew in anger a dog which one day ate my dinner, which I had left in his way. When, as a student, I went on foreign travel, I entered, on a slight provocation, into a broil with a German youth in Leipsic, challenged him, and gave him a wound that endangered his life. For that deed I feel it, I merited, that which has now come upon me after long years; but the punishment falls upon my sinful head with tenfold weight now that I am broken down with age, a clergyman, and a father. Oh, Father in heaven! it is here that the wound is sorest!"

After a pause of anguish, he continued:—"I will now confess the crime which no doubt I have committed, but of which I am, nevertheless, not fully conscious. That I struck the unhappy man with the spade I know full well, and have already confessed; whether it were with the flat side or with the sharp edge I could not in my passion discern; that he then fell down, and afterwards again rose up and ran away—that is all that I know to a surety. What follows—heaven help me!—four witnesses have seen; namely, that I fetched the corpse from the wood and buried it; and that this must be substantially true I am obliged to believe, and I will tell you wherefore. Three or four times in my life, that I know of, it has happened to me to walk in my sleep. The last time (about nine years ago), I was next day to preach a funeral sermon over the remains of a man who had unexpectedly met with a dreadful death. I was at a loss for a text, when the words of a wise man among the ancient Greeks suddenly occurred to me, 'Call no man happy until he is in his grave.' To use the words of a heathen for the text of a Christian discourse, was not, methought, seemly; but then I remembered that the same thought, expressed in well-nigh the same terms, was to be met with somewhere in the Apocrypha. I sought, and sought, but could not find the passage. It was late, I was wearied by much previous labor; I therefore went to bed, and soon fell asleep. Greatly did I marvel the next morning when, on arising and seating myself at my writing desk, I saw before me, written in large letters on a piece of paper, 'Let no man be deemed happy before his end cometh (Syrach xi. 34.)' But not this alone; I found likewise a funeral discourse—short, but as well written as any I had ever composed—and all in my own handwriting. In the chamber none other than I could have been. I knew, therefore, who it was that had written the discourse; and that it was no other than myself. Not more than half a year previous, I had in the same marvellous state, gone in the night time into the church, and fetched away a handkerchief which I had left in the chair behind the altar. Mark now—when the two witnesses this morning delivered their evidence before the court, then my previous sleep-walkings suddenly flashed across me; and I have likewise called to mind that in the morning after the night during which the corpse must have been buried, I had been surprised to see my dressing-gown lying on the floor just inside the door, whereas it was always my custom to hang it on a chair by my bedside. The unhappy victim of my unbridled passion must, in all likelihood, have fallen down dead in the wood; and I must in my sleep-walking have followed him thither. Yes—the Lord have mercy!—so it was, so it must have been."

On the following day sentence of death was passed upon the prisoner—a sentence which many felt to be too severe, and which led to a friendly conspiracy on his behalf; and had it not been for his own refusal to be a party to anything unlawful, he might have escaped. The gaoler was gained over, and a fisherman had his boat in readiness for a flight to the Swedish coast, where he would have been beyond the reach of danger. But Soren Qvist refused to flee. He longed, he said, for death, and he would not add a new stain to his reputation by a furtive flight. He maintained his strength of mind to the last, and from the scaffold he addressed to the bystanders a discourse of much power, which he had composed in prison during his last days. It treated of anger and its direful consequences, with touching allusion to himself and the dreadful crime to which his anger misled him. Thereafter, he doffed his coat, bound with his own hands the napkin before his eyes, and submitted his neck to the executioner's sword.

One-and-twenty years after the pastor, Soren Qvist, of Veilby, had been accused, tried, condemned, and executed for the murder of his serving-man, an old beggarman applied for alms to the people of Aalsoe, the parish adjoining to Veilby. Suspicions were aroused by the exact likeness the beggarman bore to Morten Bruns, of Ingvorstrup, who had lately died, and also by the curious and anxious inquiries the man made concerning events long past. The pastor of Aalsoe, who had buried Morten Bruns, took the vagabond to his parsonage, and there the fellow, all unconscious of the portentous nature of the admission, acknowledged that he was Niels Bruns, the very man for whose supposed murder the pastor had suffered the shameful death of a criminal. Had his brother Morten survived him, it is pretty certain the truth, concealed so long, had never been known, as Niels had only returned to the district in the hope of profiting by Morten's death, the news of which had accidentally reached him. He professed—and, indeed, plainly experienced—the utmost horror on hearing the dreadful history of the pastor's cruel fate. It was all Morten's doing, he said; but he was so overcome by the terrible narrative, that he could scarcely gather strength to reply to the questions put to him. The result of his examination and confession may be summed up very briefly. Morten had conceived a mortal hatred of Soren Qvist from the time that he refused him his daughter, and had determined on revenge. It was he who compelled Niels to take service with the pastor; he had spurred him on to the repeated offences, in the expectation that violence would result, owing to the pastor's hasty temper; and he had carefully nursed the feud which soon arose between master and man. Niels told him daily all that took place. On leaving the garden on that fatal day, he had run over to Ingvorstrup to acquaint his brother with what had happened. Morten shut him up in a private room that no one might see him. Shortly after midnight, when the whole village was asleep, the two brothers went to a place where the roads cross each other, and where two days previously a suicide had been buried—a young man of about Niels' age and stature. In spite of Niel's reluctance and remonstrances they dug up the corpse and took it into Morton's house. Niels was made to strip and don a suit of Morten's, and the corpse was clad, piece by piece, in Niels' cast-off clothes, even to the very ear-ring. Then Morten battered the dead face with a spade, and hid it in a sack until the next night, when they carried it into the wood by Veilby parsonage. Niels asked what all these preparations meant. Morten told him to mind his own business, and to go and fetch the parson's green dressing-gown and cap. This Niels refused to do, whereupon Morten went and fetched them himself.*

"And now," he said to his brother, "you go your way. Here is a purse with a hundred dollars—make for the frontier where no one knows thee; pass thyself under another name, and never set thy foot on Danish soil again as thou wouldst answer it with thy life!" Niels did as he was commanded, and parted from Morton forever. He had enlisted for a soldier, had suffered great hardships, had lost a limb, and had returned to his native place a mere wreck.

Thus, after an interval of twenty-one years, was made plain the innocence of the unfortunate Soren Qvist, who had fallen a victim to the foulest malignity, the precipitation and blindness of his judges, and also to his own credulous imagination. In the church-yard of Aalsoe the pastor's grave is still to be seen, and is almost within gunshot of Raven Hill on Aalsoe Common, where he innocently suffered death.

*It was not the custom in Jutland, in those days—it is hardly the custom now—to lock up the bodies at night.

Charge of French Cuirassiers.

What a book might be written about the great cavalry charges that have been made—great sometimes for their results, sometimes for their hopeless daring—with a gleam and glamor about them wanting to the most dashing of infantry rushes! There was Kellerman's charge at Marengo, cutting through the Austrian columns and turning the tide of battle when all seemed lost. There was that wonderful charge of the 23d British Dragoons at Talavera, when they rode into the chasm and out again to attack the overwhelming enemy—a charge only surpassed by the death ride of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. At Mars-la-Tour the other day the Prussian cavalry charged again and again to give time for the infantry to come up and complete the work begun that day; two days afterwards, at Gravelotte, there was one regiment of Dragoons who, charging down upon the guns, were attacked on each flank and in front by the enemy's horsemen. They cut their way through and brought but a poor remnant of one hundred and fifty men out of the fight, poor in numbers but not in spirit. "Wait until we get to Paris," they said, "and we will show them what the three fifties can do." It was only the other day that the Prussian Hussars carried the village of Vrisy by assault, making prisoners the Infantry who defended it.

Among these exploits the daring charge of the French Cuirassier Regiments at the battle of Woerth was not the least glorious. It was at the termination of that hard-fought day, the French were outflanked and beaten, and all that remained was to retreat in the best way possible. It was then that the Cuirassiers were sent forward that their destruction might gain time for the salvation of the rest of the corps. The enemy with their needle-guns were, many of them, placed in the protecting orchards, and from behind the trees came that terrible fire through which the men rode to their death. As they came within range they were swept down, and not a single man, we believe, reached the German line. It was simply destruction, but they had the order, and they rode as gallantly to be shot down without a chance of retaliation as though they were following up a victory. When the battle was ended the ground over which they had charged were strewn with the steel helmets and cuirasses of the extinct regiment. Some stragglers were left to take part in the wild flight, but the brave regiment was no more.

A Maxim of Washington.

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, *conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account-book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as an ample guaranty of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

☞ Voltaire was extravagantly fond of coffee, which he drank to excess, as Dr. Johnson did tea. The same characteristic was exhibited by the naturalist, Buffon, who almost lived upon coffee.

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

In an old churchyard stood a stone,
Weather-marked and stained;
The hand of time had crumbled it,
So only part remained.
Upon one side I could just trace
"In memory of our mother;"
An epitaph which spoke of "home"
Was chiselled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame,
High towering to the skies;
I'd seen the sculptured marble stone
Where a great hero lies;
But by this epitaph I paused,
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy." What
A noble record left!
A legacy of memory sweet,
To those she loved, bereft.
And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraven on this plain rude stone
That marked their mother's rest.

It was an humble resting-place;
I knew that they were poor;
But they had seen their mother sink,
And patiently endure.
They had marked her cheerful spirit,
When bearing one by one
Her many burdens up the hill,
Till all her work was done.

So, when was stilled her weary heart,
Folded her hands so white,
And she was carried from the home
She'd always made so bright,
Her children raised a monument
That money could not buy,
As witness of a noble life
Whose record is on high.

A noble life! but written not
In any book of fame;
Among the list of noted ones
None ever saw her name.
For only her own household knew
The victories she had won,
And none but they could testify
How well her work was done.

Better than costly monument
Of marble rich and rare,
Is that rude stone whose humble face
Such words of honor bear.
O! may we chisel on the hearts
Of those at home we love,
An epitaph whose truth may be
Witnessed for us above.

MISS CARYL'S CHOICE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Six months later, a graceful little yacht was running rapidly before a favorable wind, along the coast of Venezuela, bearing a gay party bound on a pleasure trip to Brazil and the region of the La Plate. She bore the name of the Greyhound, and was well known throughout the West Indies and in the Caribbean Sea, as the property of a wealthy Englishman, a Mr. Seabrook, who for more than a year had been lingering amid the odorous calm of the tropical seas, and in the fairy beauty of the tropical islands without cause or reason whatever, unless that cause and reason were to be found in Helen Caryl's eyes and smiles. The good people of Jamaica rather inclined to think that it might be found there; but still it was strange that his evident admiration came to no result, and that after many months Miss Caryl was Miss Caryl still. Nobody, however, was inclined to blame Mr. Seabrook for this delay; but everybody, on the contrary, said that Miss Caryl was shamefully in fault, that she ought to settle the matter one way or another, and that if she was absurd enough to refuse such an advantageous offer, she would deserve—well, really, there was no telling what she would not deserve in the opinion of her friends and acquaintances.

Still the months went on, and Miss Caryl herself did not seem to be of this opinion. She gave Mr. Seabrook's suit very little encouragement, and if he resolutely persevered, it was more because he felt confident of his own power to succeed at last, than because there was any tangible hope of such an event. It was with great difficulty that he drew from her anything that in the least degree savored of encouragement; and when with much trouble he persuaded her to take a voyage in his yacht, she consented more on account of Mrs. Denham, who was eagerly anxious to go, than from any regard to her own wishes, or consideration of his. He saw this, and it made him set his teeth with a considerable degree of exasperation; but he was a man of singular resolution, and had long since adopted the motto of Philip of Spain: "Time and I against any two." When he told Duchatel that night on the beach that he meant to marry this woman, he had stated an intention which was to him fixed as a fact, and in which he never moved from that hour to the one when she sat by his side on the deck of the Greyhound, and while the west was filled with orange and crimson clouds, and the short, tropical twilight deepened round them, he told her how long he had loved her, and asked her to be his wife. She was not a woman to be thrown into confusion by a thing of this kind, especially when it was merely an open avowal of what she had long known; but still she hesitated, and finally told him that she could not give an immediate answer.

"It is not that I don't appreciate all you tell me," she said; "nor that I doubt anything which you profess. But I am not certain of myself—of my own wishes and desires in the matter. If you do not mind, and if I might take a few days for consideration—"

Here he interrupted and assured her that she might take any number of days that she pleased; and if he might only hope in the interval, and if she would only promise to be his at last, he would be content.

"I cannot exactly promise that," she said, smiling, "for if I did, where would be the use of considering? But I will try to see if I love you well enough to marry you, and if I do, you may be sure that I will tell you so."

"If you love me at all, marry me, and I will soon make you love me enough to satisfy yourself."

"I would rather be sure of that beforehand," she said gravely. And then she put an end to the conversation by rising and walking away. Nevertheless, Mr. Seabrook felt that he had gained an important step, and he went to sleep that night in a very contented frame of mind.

The next day a heavy squall overtook them, and although the little yacht weathered it gallantly, she was so badly crippled that they were obliged to put into the first port for repairs. This port chanced to be that of Cayenne. The ladies, who had been seasick, were all below—the gentlemen mostly followed their example, and Mr. Seabrook was pacing the deck alone, when the sailing-master came up with his report. He made it as quite a matter of course way, and evidently was as little prepared for opposition as for the tone in which that opposition came.

"D—n the repairs," said Mr. Seabrook, frowning darkly. "You must be crazy, Watson, to tell me that a single breath of bad weather has crippled the yacht so much that we must put into that infernal place. It shall not be done—not if she has sprung a leak in every plank. Where are we?—what are our bearings?"

"We are in soundings, sir, and not more than sixty miles from the coast of Guiana. If we turn her head to the westward, and run down the shore, we can anchor in Cayenne to-morrow."

"It shall not be done, I tell you—not for any consideration. There can be no real necessity. Confound it! was there ever such ill luck? Run for Surinam, if you choose—if you must put in somewhere."

"Surinam, sir, is nearly three times as distant as Cayenne, and it is my duty to tell you that the yacht is badly disabled. I don't like the look of the skies, either; and if another squall overtakes her in this plight, I don't see how she will be able to weather it."

Mr. Seabrook looked round with a frowning brow. He could see for himself the condition of the little craft, which seemed a mere cockle-shell in the midst of the still angry sea, and lay pitching and tossing with crippled yards and torn sails, while the lowering clouds above gave promise of anything but fair weather. He was a moderately good sailor when he chose to open his eyes—and he opened them now very gravely. The condition of matters was more serious than he had thought, and he dared not trifle with such danger as might possibly threaten them. He could scarcely analyze, scarcely account for his intense reluctance to put into Cayenne; but the fact of the reluctance was undoubted. He shrank morbidly from turning the yacht's head in that direction; and yet, he perceived that Watson was right, and that it must be done. He had one short, fierce struggle with himself—a struggle in which Helen Caryl's safety was weighed against the danger of recalling to her mind one whom she had better forget; and then he turned away, saying abruptly, "Do it, if it must be done," and walked moodily forward by himself. The order was not long in being obeyed; the yacht's head was quickly brought round to the westward, and she was soon making as much speed as was compatible with her condition, for the coast of French Guiana. By nightfall the next evening she anchored in the harbor of Cayenne.

When morning—the fresh, refulgent morning of the tropics—broke, and the yachting party assembled once more on deck, they could scarcely believe that the fair scene before them was indeed that famous Cayenne which to all readers of French literature is fraught with such unutterable horrors, and the very name of which is a synonyme for suffering worse than death. Accustomed as they all were to the glory of tropical nature, they could scarcely restrain their admiration for the beautiful prospect spread before them—the glassy bay dotted with shipping, the luxuriant shore rich in vegetation, the distant mountains robed in heavenly azure, the fairy islands rising like gems out of the deeply blue water, and densely wooded with feathery foliage to their very crests. Even the ramparts, the cannon, the pacing sentinels, and flying flags, had a charm of their own, and gave animation to the picturesque scene, on which the burning sun of a perpetual summer was gazing down. Only one person shuddered as she looked, and thought how much of human anguish might lie beneath this veil, as she thought of a night six months back, of the Mercure gleaming with lights, and echoing with music, of the pale lips that had said, "If you loved me, you would come to me, despite this shadow of disgrace," of the deadly struggle, and the breathless chase across the harbor of Port Royal. She had never heard of Duchatel since then. She wondered if he was here now—here, eating out his heart in bitter despair—and as she wondered, leaning against the taffrail quite alone, a step approached, and a voice sounded at her side.

"I know of whom you are thinking," said Mr. Seabrook. "Poor Duchatel! This place recalls his sad fate very vividly. More on his account than on any other, I was reluctant to enter here. It is terrible, is it not, to think that no doubt he is yonder?"

He pointed, as he spoke, toward the shore where formidable cannon glanced through the lustrous, overhanging foliage; and Helen Caryl shivered from head to foot.

"It is more than terrible," she said, in a low tone. "It is almost unbearable. Mr. Seabrook, do you know, can you tell me, how long is his term of servitude?"

"For life," said Mr. Seabrook, who was glad that she had asked the question, and still more glad to be able to answer it. "He is for life, and having escaped once, there is not the least chance that he will ever escape again—alive. Poor fellow! It is hard on him; and yet, if people will conspire, of course they must take their chances of such an end."

"How long are we to remain here?" asked Miss Caryl, still looking at the shore.

"Not an hour longer than can be helped, you may rest assured. I have already told Watson that as soon as the yacht is at all ship-shape, he must run her down to Surinam for the rest of the repairs. I suppose it is because I have known Duchatel that the very air of this place has a prison taint to me."

Notwithstanding Mr. Seabrook's impatience, and it was very genuine impatience, too, several days elapsed before Watson would admit that the yacht was ready, even for the run to Surinam. At last, however, the pressure on him became too strong, and one evening it was announced that they would weigh anchor the next morning at daylight. Everybody concerned heard the intelligence with pleasure, congratulations were cordially exchanged, and when they retired to their respective state-rooms, Miss Caryl was perhaps the only member who did not sleep more soundly for the news. She, however, was wakeful—strangely wakeful—and more than once she drew back the blind of the window at the head of her berth and looked out. The night was moonless, but the stars shone over all things with the brilliant lustre of tropical constellations, and the outline of the shore was distinctly visible across the sleeping expanse of bay. "It seems cruel to go away and leave him here," she said, half aloud, and as she said it she saw a flash on shore, and caught the distant report of a musket. A moment later came other flashes, other reports, and then, distinctly borne across the still water, the roll of a drum beating to arms. In a few minutes the heavy boom of cannon broke on her ear, and then she knew what it meant—she knew that a convict had escaped.

Almost unconsciously she sprang to her feet, and throwing the window wide open, leaned far out, her heart beating almost to suffocation, and her eyes straining eagerly toward the land. What she expected to see, it is impossible to say, but she soon found that she could distinguish nothing. The mantle of night hung heavily over the scene; and although the commotion on shore was evident enough, the shifting lights, the shots, the signals—still this commotion was only a dim, distant panorama. It told her nothing—not even whether the escape had been successful. Before she knew what she was about, she caught herself praying that it might be so; and then she checked herself, smothering back the strong instinct, the overpowering conviction that the man thus pursued like a wild beast was the same from whom she had parted six months before on the deck of the Mercure. At last excitement overpowered her. She threw on her dress and a light wrapping and went on deck. No sooner had she set foot there than she saw at once that not a little interest was astir. The half dozen sailors who composed the crew were grouped about the side of the vessel, eagerly watching the shore, while from the after deck Mr. Seabrook and Watson were engaged in the same occupation. These were not so much interested, however, but that the former at once caught sight of a lady's presence on deck, and hastened forward to meet and reassure her. He gave a start not unmixed with pleasure when he saw who it was.

"Is it you, Miss Caryl? I thought it was Mrs. Denham, who had grown so nervous that she was obliged to come to remonstrate with me about the cannon. I was just preparing a list of apologies for such inconsiderate conduct on the part of the French guns."

"Never mind about the apologies," said Miss Caryl, smiling faintly. "Tell me if I am right in supposing that a convict has escaped?"

"Evidently one has attempted to do so."

"And do you think he has succeeded?"

"That is impossible to say. I incline to think so, however—they would not have fired the cannon else."

"And what direction has he taken?"

"Towards the open country, I suppose, of course; but we can tell nothing from here, you know. It is a lovely night, isn't it? Suppose you stay for a while, and watch the course of events a little further?"

Consenting readily, she went with him to the after-deck, and they paced up and down together. The alarm having been given, the commotion on shore partially subsided, but it was very evident that no capture had been made; lights still gleamed, shots were still fired, though the last seemed to be merely random. Suddenly Miss Caryl went and leaned over the taffrail.

"I thought I saw something out there on the water," she said, "something like—like a man's hand."

"This is exactly the light in which to fancy any thing," said her companion, following her. "You are excited, too; and I should not be surprised if you saw a man's head next."

"It looked singularly like a hand, though."

"No doubt it did, and—good Heavens! what is that?"

They hushed their breath to listen, and the next moment there came a cry—a sharp, long-drawn cry of struggling humanity in some last dire extreme—just under the bows of the yacht. In the pale light, those horror-stricken watchers saw a white hand thrown aloft, and then it went down, the dark waters closed over it, and all was silence.

Simultaneously with that cry, however, one of the sailors, with as little hesitation as a Newfoundland dog, sprang overboard, and in a few minutes those above knew from his eager shout that he had caught the drowning man as he rose to the surface. It was not more than the work of a minute to lower a boat and bring them both on board. When this had been accomplished, the first gleam of light thrown on the rescued swimmer showed the red livery of the convict; and when it flashed over his pale, insensible face, Helen Caryl uttered a low cry, and Seabrook started back, muttering between his teeth:

"Duchatel!"

When the young Frenchman came to himself, he was lying in a luxurious cabin, with a glass of some fragrant restorative at his lips, and a crowd of kind faces about him, and with the *Greyhound* standing gallantly for the open sea, while the coast of Guiana lay like a distant line on the horizon. It was some time before he could tell his story; then it proved to be very short and simple. He had heard of the arrival of a yacht in the harbor, and on catching sight of it, he had at once recognized the *Greyhound*. His plans for escape had long been laid, but now he determined to execute them without further delay, and to throw himself on the kindness of Seabrook, who, he felt sure would rescue him if possible. He had managed to escape at the hour of changing guard—and at first, had made for the open country to throw his pursuers off the scent, then he had doubled, run down to the bay, and swam an almost incalculable distance to where the yacht rode at anchor. He had, however, given up all for lost when on nearing her he felt his utter exhaustion, and saw no stir or movement on her deck. It was the last effort of despair which gave him strength for that one cry before the merciless wave closed over him, and blank unconsciousness followed. He knew no more until he waked to life and freedom. After this had been told, all around him seemed to vie in kindness and attention, of which he needed both sadly. Weakened as he had been by prison fare and hard labor, the efforts made in his escape had brought him to the lowest point of physical exhaustion. He was incapable even of lifting his head, and for days he lay in a half lethargic state, while nature was slowly recovering from the strain laid upon her. In this way it chanced that it was some time before he heard of Miss Caryl's presence on board. Then he turned pale, and begged Seabrook to believe that he had never dreamed of such a thing.

"I knew you were generous enough to save me if you could, although we had been rivals," he said. "And so I did not hesitate to throw myself on your mercy. I think you would have done the same, *mon ami*, if there had been anything to fear from me. But as it is, you are very safe. It is a presumption for a poor devil like me to even mention her name; and you may be sure that I shall not go near her if—if it can be avoided."

"It cannot be avoided, however," said Seabrook, who really deserved the other's trust in his generosity. "You must go on deck this evening, to be licensed, and you will see Miss Caryl then, of course. Don't be foolish, Duchatel! The field is open yet, man—she hasn't accepted me, though she has had me under consideration for some time; and I say now what perhaps I should have said at first, 'Let the best man win.'"

"It is you who are foolish, and almost cruel now," said Duchatel. "The best man. Why, you have everything—and I have nothing, except disgrace."

"Not the sort of disgrace to hurt, my good fellow. There are plenty of people who esteem that convict jacket a badge of honor, considering the cause in which it was worn."

"*She* does not. Do you think I have forgotten her words that night? They are burned into my very brain. Besides, I'm not such a cur as to turn round on you who have saved me."

"Once for all, let us have no talk of that kind," said Seabrook, almost angrily. "I will run back to Cayenne, and deliver you up to the authorities, if you hint such a thing again. Saved you, forsooth! Why, it was Tom Brace who did that, not I. And if you had been the poorest *forçat*, I should have given you refuge all the same. For heaven's sake, man, don't begin harping on that string. Considering the relations in which we stand to each other—I mean about Miss Caryl—I don't think I could endure it."

"We stand in no relations whatever," said Duchatel. And there the matter ended.

That evening he went on deck, and his meeting with Miss Caryl was commonplace in the extreme. It was even cold, compared to the effusive greetings of his other friends. Like a fool—all men are fools in matters of this kind—he felt bitterly stung, and thought she meant to repulse any advances he might be inclined to make. "She need not have feared any," he thought. And so he revenged himself on himself by seeing nothing more of her until near the close of the evening. Then, when he had a little respite from Mrs. Denham—who had monopolized him, and talked him to the verge of extinction—Seabrook, who had been walking apart with Miss Caryl, came and led him without a word to where she was standing. Duchatel saw that she looked very pale, but he had no idea what was coming, and it would be hard to express his amazement when Seabrook began—

"Duchatel, I have just been repeating to Miss Caryl our conversation in Jamaica on the night before your capture. I have felt ever since that I took an ungenerous advantage of your position, and I am glad of the opportunity to make this open *amende* for it. We were rivals then on a fair field, and I thought you had the best of it. I don't know, of course; but it is probable that, thanks to time and absence, I have the best of it now. This explanation, if so, has placed us once more on an equal footing, and I feel that I can not better our mutual suspense than by asking Miss Caryl to waive the forms of ceremony, and if she can accept either of us, to put forth her hand and choose between us now. If—"

"Stop!" cried Duchatel, breaking in and wrenching his arm with an effort from the other's hold. "I must speak, for my own honor's sake, I must. Miss Caryl, believe me, I have no part in this. I would never dare to insult you—stand back, Seabrook! I will speak—by offering you a name that has been dragged through the mire of the *travaux forces*. I have never forgotten your own words, that a stain is a stain, let it come how it will; and I would die sooner than ask you to share my life of exile and outlawry."

He spoke passionately, vehemently, and all the more so because he felt to his inmost heart that the girl's clear eyes were reading his face.

"Then," she said quietly, "I am to understand that Mr. Seabrook has made a mistake—that you have not wished to offer yourself to me, and that you do not love me?"

"Love you!" the young man gave a great gasp. "Love you! Why do you tempt me so? Have you forgotten what I told you on that awful night when heaven and hell seemed melting into each other? Why do you want to make me to say it over again? You know it—now, as well as then. If you do wisely, you will accept him"—he pointed to Seabrook—"but if you ask me whether I offer myself to you, I answer in a few words—Come to me if you are willing to share my disgrace."

There was a moment's pause. The merry voices and gay laughter of the party on the after-deck, mingled with the soft murmur of the waves, as the vessel cut her way through them, and filled it not unmusically; but it was a sharp tension of hope and fear to two of the three standing there apart. Only a moment!—yet how much each of those hearts endured, and how much of a struggle Miss Caryl must have known before she could tutor her voice to the calm tone in which at last she spoke.

"Mr. Seabrook," she said, "this is a strange position in which you have placed me, and a strange choice you have forced upon me. But, perhaps, you are right—perhaps, after all, the knot of many difficulties can be cut in this way better than in any other. Let me thank you for the honor you have done me, and for the generous kindness you have shown this night. I hope and trust that we shall always be friends. I like and esteem you cordially; but if I must make a choice that is to last a lifetime—"

She paused abruptly. Proud and brave as she was, her voice broke down. She struggled a moment for self-control, but struggled vainly. At last she silently held out her hand to Duchatel, and her choice was made.

It is safe to say that she never regretted it.—*The Old Guard.*

Don't Fret.

Fretting is the most expensive habit that king or peasant can indulge in.

It is the most vexing habit that surrounding beings can be subjected to.

It is one of the most unchristian-like habits.

If indulged in until it becomes chronic, it is then a disease, like insanity, and should be treated as such.

It wears deep as grief and as ugly as sin.

Fretting never did any good, never repaired any losses, never affected the weather, never mended a rent, never kept a dinner or a heart warm.

If you must fret, go off somewhere by yourself and do it. You may not enjoy it quite so well, but others will vastly more.

"MY AIN COUNTRIE."

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie.
Oh, gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean,
To my ain countrie.

Oh, its not my ain ruin
That saddens aye my ee,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairnies three;
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
And smiled my fair Marie;
I've left my heart behind me,
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the tree;
But I win back—oh, never,
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to the high Heaven,
Which will be leal to me;
And there I'll meet ye a' sane,
Free my ain countrie!

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MISCHIEF BREWING IN NORTH INLET.

Morning, noon, and night, whenever the small body of new workmen had to pass to and from the works, they were accompanied by the two policemen specially engaged for their protection, while others hovered within call. North Inlet, the ill feeling of its old inhabitants increasing day by day, had become a dangerous place to walk in. It was not that all the men would have done violence: Ketlar, for instance, and others like him, well-disposed men by nature, sensible and quiet, would not have lifted a hand against those who had, in one sense of the word, displaced them. But they did this: they stood tamely by to look on, knowing quite well that some of their comrades only waited for the opportunity to kill or disable—as might be—Richard North's new followers. North Inlet was not quite so full as it used to be: for some of the old inhabitants, weary and out of patience with hope deferred (hope they hardly knew of what, unless for the good time of plenty and equalization promised by the Trades' Union) had gone away on the tramp with their wives and little ones, seeking for a corner of the earth where work might be found enough to bring in a crust to eat and a roof to shelter them. Others had decamped without their wives and children; and were in consequence being hunted for by the parish. North Inlet, take it on the whole, was in a sore plight. The men and women, reduced (most of them) by want and despair to apply to the parish for help, found none accorded them in answer. They had brought themselves to this pass; they had refused to work when work in plenty was to be had; and to come and ask to be supported in idleness by the parish, was a procedure not to be tolerated, as one resolute guardian, sitting at the head of a table, fiercely told them. Not as much as a loaf of bread would they get, added another, taking up the song. If it came to the pass that they were in danger of dying of hunger, (as the applicants urged) why they must come into the house with their wives and families—and a humiliating shame that would be for able-bodied men, the guardian added—but they would receive no relief out of doors. So North Inlet, not choosing to go into that unpopular refuge for the destitute, stayed out of it. And a fine plight they were in!

There was absolutely nothing left to pledge. Except children. And the pawnbroker, Ducket, could not be persuaded to take in them. Ducket had scarcely done so well by the strike as he had privately anticipated. He had not quite bargained for homes being offered to him wholesale; for a glut of goods; and the goods were mostly of that insignificant, if useful character, that does not make a noise in the market. When nearly all the community are seeking to sell, it is clear that few can be wanting to buy.

An ignominious picture, Ducket's interior premises presented. He was so overladen that the collection had to hang in sight as well as out of it. A motley crowd. Strangers might have taken it for no better than a rag-and-bone shop, or a travelling tinker's caravan come to a standstill. Gowns (cut at gathers and slit at cuffs), petticoats, hats, bonnets, shoes, boots, coats, waistcoats, beds, books, saucepans, gridirons, tables, chairs, fryingpans, bird-cages, sheets, blankets, Italian and flatirons, Dutch ovens, tea kettles, brooms, umbrellas, candlesticks, maps, and a model of a ship under a glass case. That's only a few items of the list that would meet the eye on paying a visit to Mr. Ducket's: it was too comprehensive and varied for any recollection to record. The ship had belonged to Ketlar: one made and given him by his brother, who was mate of a vessel trading to Ceylon.

Now, with all these articles, once beloved household gods, staring them in the face whenever they passed Ducket's; with ragged backs and empty stomachs, with the past life of plenty to look back upon (and thirst perpetually for, after the manner of the fabled Tantalus), and no prospect whatever to look forward to, there was little wonder this misguided body of men grew to find out that something of the old Satan was in them yet. A great deal of it, too. Perhaps remorse held its full share. They had intended it to have been so entirely for the better when they threw up work; and it had turned out so surprisingly for the worst. They had meant to return to work on their own terms; earning more and telling less: they had been led to believe that this result lay in their own hands, and was as sure and safe as that the sun is overhead at noonday. Instead of that—here they were in as deplorable a condition as human beings can well be. Time had been, not very long ago either, that the false step, might have been redeemed: Richard North had offered them their places again and on the old terms. Ay, and he had once conceded a portion of their demands—as they remembered well. But, that time and that offer had gone by forever. Fresh men (few though they were) worked in their places, and they themselves were starving.

The feeling against these new men was bitter enough; it was far more bitter against the small number of old workmen who had gone back again. We are told that the heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked; our own experience shows us that it is desperately selfish. They saw the employed men doing the work that was once theirs; they saw them with good, strong coats on, and food to eat. They themselves had neither coats nor food; and the work they had rejected. It would not have seemed so hard had the work lain altogether in abeyance, or taken itself off from the place entirely; but to see these others doing it, and living in comfort, was more than mortal temper could brook. Only to watch the workmen going home regularly to their meals, while *they* had no meals to go to, was dreadful.

This was not all. The men, seeing some things in the external world with a jaundiced eye—yellow as ever was poor Arthur Bohun's when he had the actual disease—held to it that the fact of these others having taken work again, was the cause that kept themselves out of it. Richard North ud ha' come to, they said, but for these curs what had went sneaking back again to lick his hand. They called them worse names than that, but there's no need of repetition. "If all on us had held out, Dick North must ha' given in." And this they repeated so constantly in their ire one to another, that at last they got actually to believe it. It was quite wrong; and they were wholly mistaken; for had Richard North not begun again in the cautious way he did, and at the old rate of wages and time, he would not have recommenced at all: but the men refused to see this, and held to their notion, making it into a worse grievance than the lack of good. It is so convenient to have something substantial on which to vent blame: and unlimited power and permission to punch the obnoxious heads, would have afforded intense gratification. Oh, it was very hard to bear. To see this small knot of men re-established in work, and to know that it was their own work once, and might have been theirs still! Peeping through hedges, hiding within doorways, standing sullenly or derisively in the open ground, they would watch the employed men going to and fro, the two policemen tramping by their side. Many a bitter word, many a crushed oath, many a silent threat was levelled at the small band. Murder has been done from a state of mind not half as bad as they cherished.

"What be you a looking at, with them evil signs on your face?"

A group of malcontents, gazing out from a corner of North's Inlet at the daily procession, found this question suddenly sounding on their ears. Mrs. Gass had stepped out of a dwelling close by, and put it. Their eyes were following the escorted line of men coming home to their twelve o'clock dinner, so that she had not been observed.

They turned to her, and their faces dropped the threatening expression. A man named Poole, not too well respected at the most prosperous of times and one of the worst of the malcontents since, took upon himself to answer. Boldly, too.

"We was a taking the measure o' that small lot o' convicts, a wishing we could brand 'em."

"Ah," said Mrs. Gass. "It strikes me some of you have been wishing it before to-day. I'd like to give you a bit of advice, my men; and you specially, Poole. Take care you don't become convicts yourselves."

"For two pins, I'd do what 'ud make me one; I'd do it to-day if others 'ud back me up," was the rejoinder of Poole, who was in a more defiant mood than even he dared to show. He was a big, thickset man, with shaggy light hair and a complexion of brick-dust. His clothes, originally fustian, had become worn, and torn, and jagged, and patched, and darned, until now they hardly held together: his clumsy shoes let in the water and the toes peeped out.

"You are a nice jail-bird, Poole. I don't think you ever were much better than one," added Mrs. Gass. To which candid avowal Poole only replied with a growl.

"These hard times be enough to make jail-birds of all of us," interposed another—Foster; but speaking with civility. "Why don't the government come down and interfere, and prevent our work being took out of our hands by these branded rascals!"

"You put the work out of your own hands," said Mrs. Gass. "As to interference, I should have thought you'd had about enough of that, by this time. If you had not suffered them blessed Trades' Unions to interfere with you, my men, you'd have been in full work now, happy and contented as the day is long."

"What we did, we did for the best."

"What you did, you did in defiance of common sense, and of the best counsels of your best friends," she said. "How many times did your master show you what the upshot would be if you persisted in throwing away your work?—how much breath did I waste over you, as I'm a doing now, asking you all to avoid a strike—and, after the strike had come, day after day begging of you to end it? Could any picture be truer than mine was when I said what you'd bring yourselves to?—rags, and famine, and desolate houses. Could any plight be worse than this pickle that you've dropped to?

"No it couldn't," answered Foster. "It's so bad that I say government ought to interfere for us."

"If I was government, I should interfere on one point—and that's with them agitating unionists," bravely spoke Mrs. Gass. "I should put *them* down a bit."

"This is a free country, ma'am," struck in Ketlar, who made one of the group.

"Well, I'd used to think it was, Ketlar," she said; but old ways seem to be turned upside down. What sort of freedom do *you* enjoy just now?—how much have you had of it since you bound yourselves the sworn members of the Trades' Unions? You have wanted to work, and they've not let you: you'd like to be clothed and fed as you used to be, and to clothe and feed your folks at home, and they deny your exercising the means by which you may do it. What freedom or liberty is there in that?—come now, Ketlar, tell me as a reasonable man."

"If the Trades' Unions could do as they wish, there'd be work and comfort for all of us."

"I doubt that, Ketlar."

"But they can't do it," added Ketlar. "The masters be obstinate and won't let 'em."

"That's just it," said Mrs. Gass. "If the Trades' Unions held the world in their hands, and there was no such things as masters and capital, why then they might secure their own way. But the masters have their own interests to look after, their business and what's embarked in 'em to defend: and the two sides are totally opposed to one another, and all that comes of it or that will come of it is squabbling. You lose your work, the masters lose their trade, the unionists fight it out fiercer than ever—and, between it all, the commerce of the country is coming to an end. Now, my men, that is the bare truth; and you can't alter it, if you try till midnight."

"Twouldn't be no longer much of a free country if the government put down the Trades' Unions," spoke a man satirically: one Castleton.

"But it ought to be put down, this arbitrary way they've got of preventing others working that want to work," maintained Mrs. Gass. "The unionists be your worst enemies. I'm speaking, as you know I have been all along, of the head among 'em that make laws for the rest; not of poor sheep like you that have joined the society in innocence. If them heads like to live without work themselves, and can point out a way by which others can live without it, well and good; there's no law again that, nor oughtn't to be; but what I say goverment ought to put down, is this—their forcing you men to reject work when it's offered you. It's a sin and a shame that, through them the country should be brought to imbecility, and you, its once free and brave workmen, to beggary."

"The thought has come over me at times that under the new state of things we are no better than slaves," confessed Ketlar, his eyes wearing a dreamy look.

Mrs. Gass nearly executed a triumphant dance. "Now you've just said it, Ketlar. Slaves. That's exactly what you are, and I wish to my heart all the workmen in England could open their eyes to it. You took a vow to obey the dictates of the Trades' Union; it has bound you hand and foot, body and soul. If a job of work lay to your hand, you dare not take it up, the Union masters saying you shall not; no, not though you saw your little ones dying with famine before your eyes. It's the worst kind of slavery that ever fell on the land. Press gangs used to be bad enough, but this beats 'em hollow."

There was no reply from any one of them. Mrs. Gass had been a good friend to their families even recently, and the old habits of respect to her, their mistress, had away still. Perhaps some of them, too, silently assented to her reasoning.

"It's that much, the coercive interference, that I'd have put down," she resumed. "Let every workman be free to act on his own judgment, to take work, or to leave it. Not but what it's too late to say it: so far as I believe, the mischief has gone too far to be remedied."

"It's mighty fine for the masters to cry out and say the Trades' Unions is our enemies! Suppose we choose to call 'em our friends?"

The words came from Poole. He had been lounging against the wall in sulky defiance, smoking and spitting by turns, and sending the puffs of smoke into Mrs. Gass's bonnet; at any rate, taking no care that they did not get there. She did not mind smoke however; and she wore only her old black chip to-day, with its crape flowers.

"Put it at that, Poole, if you like," said she equally. "The society's your good friend, let's say. How has it showed its friendship." What has it done for you."

Mr. Poole did not condescend to say.

"It's not so hard to answer, Poole. The proofs lie on the surface, there's not one of you here but may read 'em off hand. It threw you all out of your good place of work that you had held for years under a good master, that you might have hold, the chances were, up to the last day of your lives. It dismantled your homes and sent your things to the pawn shop—you may go and look at 'em now, ornamenting the walls and hooks at Ducket's. It has reduced you to a mouldy crust, where you'd used to have good joints of fat beef; it has took your warm shoes and coats away, and sends you abroad half naked. Your children are starving, some of them dead; your wives are worn out with trouble and discontent. And this not for a temporary time, but for good: for, there's no prospect for you. No prospect that I can see, as I'm a living woman. That's what your friends, as you call 'em, have done for you, and for thousands and thousands beside you. I don't care what they meant: let it be that they meant well by you, and that you meant well—as I'm sure you did—in listening to 'em: the result is what I've said. And you are standing here this day, ruined men."

Mr. Poole puffed fiercely.

"What is to become of you and of the others ruined like you, the Lord in heaven only knows. It's a solemn question. When the best trade of the country's driven from it, there's no longer a place for workmen. Emigration, suggests some of the newspapers. Others say Emigration's over—some for the present. Any way its a hard thing that a good workman should find no employment in his native land, but must be packed off from it, something like as if he was transported, to be a exile forever."

Poole, not liking the picture, broke into a furious oath or two. The others looked sad enough.

"You've been drinking, Poole," said Mrs. Gass with dignity. "Keep a civil tongue in your mouth before me if you please."

"I've not had no more nor half-a-pint," growled Poole.

"And that was half-a-pint too much," said Mrs. Gass. "When people's insides are reduced by famine, half a pint is enough to upset their brains in a morning."

"What business have Richard North to go and engage them frogs o' Frenchmen?" demanded Poole—who had in truth taken too much for his good. "What business have them other ratted fellows, as ought to have stuck by us, to go back to him? It's Richard North as wants to be transported."

"Richard North was a good master to you. The world never saw a better."

"He's a rank bad man now."

"No, no—drat th' tongue!" put in Ketlar to Poole. "No good to abuse *him*."

"If you men had had a spark of gratitude, you'd have listened to Mr. Richard North, when he prayed you to go back to him," said Mrs. Gass. "No, you wouldn't; and what has it done for him? Why just ruined him, my men; a'most as bare as you be ruined. It have took his hopes from him; it have wasted his money, what little he had; it have played the very dickens with his prospects. The business he had before never will and never can come back. If once you split a mirror to pieces, you can't put it together again. Mr. Richard has got a life of work to look forward to; he may get a living, but he won't do much more. You men have at least the satisfaction of knowing that what you did for your own prosperity, you did also for his."

They had talked so long—for there has been no space to record all that passed—that it was hard upon one o'clock, and the small band of workmen and the two policemen were coming back again towards the works. The malignant look arose on Poole's face; a savage growl stuck in his throat.

"There'll be mischief yet," thought Mrs. Gass, as she turned away.

Sounds of a woman's sobbing were proceeding from an open door as she went down North Inlet, and Mrs. Gass stopped in to see what might be the matter. They came from Dawson's wife. Dawson had been beating her. The unhappy state to which they were reduced tried the tempers of the men—of the women also, for that matter—rendering some of them little better than ferocious beasts. In the old days when Dawson could keep himself and family in plenty, never a cross word had been heard from him: but all that was changed; and under the new order of things, it often came to blows. The wife had now been struck in the eye. Smarting under that, under ills of body and ills of mind, the woman enlarged on her wrongs to Mrs. Gass, and showed the mark; all of which at another time she would certainly have concealed. The home was miserably bare; the children, wan and thin, were in tatters like their mother; it was a comprehensive picture of wretchedness.

"And all through them idiots having throwed up their work at the dictates of the Trades' Union!" was the wrathful comment of Mrs. Gass as she departed. "They've done for themselves in this world; and to judge by the unchristian lives they be living, seem to be going on for the chance of doing for themselves in the next."

As she reached her own house, the smart housemaid was showing Miss Dallory out of it. That young lady, making a call on Mrs. Gass, had waited for her a short time and was going away. They now went in together. Mrs. Gass, throwing open the door of her handsome drawing-room, began recounting in full the events of the morning; what she had heard, what seen.

"There'll be mischief done as sure as a gun," she concluded. "My belief is, that some of 'em would kill Mr. Richard if they got the chance."

Mary Dallory looked startled. "Kill *him*," she cried. "Why he has been their good friend always. He would have been so still, had they only let him."

"He's a better friend to 'em still than they know of," said Mrs. Gass, nodding her head. "Miss Mary, if ever there was a Christian man on earth, it is Richard North. His whole life has been one long thought for others. Who has kept up Dallory Hall but him? Who would have worked and slaved on and on, not for benefit to himself, but to maintain his father's home, finding money to save his poor father pain, knowing that the old man had already more than he could bear? At Mr. Richard's age he ought, before this, to have been making a home for himself and marrying: it's what he would have done under happier circumstances: but he has not been able; he has sacrificed himself for others. He has done more for the men than they think of; ay, even at the time that they were bringing ruin upon him—as they have done—and since. Richard North is worth his weight in gold. Heaven, that sees all, knows he is; and he will sometime surely be rewarded for it. It may not be in this world, my dear; for a great many of God's own best people go down to their very graves in nothing but disappointment and sorrow: but he'll find it in the next."

Never a word answered Mary Dallory. It might almost have been thought from her silence she did not subscribe to the sentiments. All she said was, that she must go. And Mrs. Gass went with her to the front door, talking. They had nearly reached it, when Miss Dallory stopped to put a question, lowering her voice as she did so.

"Have you heard any rumor about Dr. Rane?"

Mrs. Gass knew what must be meant as certainly as though it had been spoken. She turned cold, and hot, and cold again. For once her ready tongue failed her.

"It is something very dreadful," continued Miss Dallory. "I do not like to speak it out. It—it has frightened me."

"Lawk, my dear, don't you pay no attention to such rubbish as rumors," returned Mrs. Gass heartily. "*I* don't. Folks say all sorts of things of me, I make little doubt; just as they be ready to do of other people. Let 'em. We shan't sleep none the worse for it. Good-bye. I wish you'd have stayed to take a mouthful of my dinner. It's as lovely a turkey-poult as ever you saw and a jam dumpling."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DAYS OF PAIN.

Pacing the shrubbery walk at Dallory Hall, a warm gray woollen shawl wrapped closely round her, clipping the narrow crape tucks of her flowing black silk dress, and her pale, sweet, sad face turned up to the lowering sky, was Ellen Adair. The weather, cold and dull, gave tokens of coming winter. The last scattered leaves left on the nearly bare trees fell fluttering to the earth; the wind, sighing through the branches, had a melancholy sound. All things seemed to speak of decay.

This ungenial cold had brought some complication with it. Just as Sir Nash Bohun was about to quit Dallory Hall, taking Arthur with him, the bleak wind struck him in an unguarded moment, and laid him up with inflammation of the chest. He took to his bed. One of the results was, that Arthur Bohun must remain at the Hall, and knew not how long he might have to be a fixture there. Sir Nash would not part with him. He had taken to regard him quite as his son.

Ellen Adair thought Fate was very cruel to her, taking one thing with another. And so it was. While they were together, she could not begin to forget him; and, to see him so continually with Mary Dallory, brought to her the keenest pain. She was but human: jealousy swayed her just as it does other people.

Another thing was beginning to trouble her—she did not hear from Mr. Adair. It was very strange. Never a letter had come from him since that one containing the permission to wed Arthur Bohun (as Mrs. Cumberland had read it) received at Easteea. Ellen could not understand the silence—her father had used to write so regularly.

"He ought not to remain here," she murmured passionately as she walked, alluding to Arthur Bohun. *I* cannot help myself; I have no where else to go; but he ought to go in spite of Sir Nash."

A grayer tinge seemed to float over and settle in the sky; the shrubbery seemed to grow darker. It was but the first advent of of dusk, coming on early that melancholy evening.

"Will there ever be any brightness in my life again?" she continued, clasping her hands in pain. "Is this misery to last forever? Did any one, I wonder, ever go through such a trial, and live? Scarcely. I am afraid I am not very strong to bear things. But oh—who could bear it! Last night I dreamt that Arthur came smiling to me, and said 'I have only been playing with you, Ellen; how could you think it was anything else?'—and in the strange tumult of joy that rushed over me I awoke. For a few minutes, when remembrance rushed over me, I thought I should have died with the pain. If I could but have remained in the dream forever!"

She sat down on one of the benches, and bent her aching brow on her hands. What with the gloom around, and her dark dress, some one who had turned into the walk, came sauntering on without observing her. Arthur Bohun. He started when she raised her head: his face was every whit as pale and sad as hers: but he could not help seeing how ill and woe-begone she looked.

"I fear you are not well," he stopped to say.

"Oh—thank you—not very," was the confused reply.

"This is a trying time. Heaven knows I would save you from it if I could. I would have died to spare you. I would die still if by that means things for you could be righted. But it may not be. Time alone must be the healer."

He had said this in rather a hard tone, as if he were angry with somebody or other; perhaps fate; and went on his way with a quicker step. Leaving never a touch of the hand; never a loving word; never a tender look behind him. Just as it had been that day in the Dallory church-yard. Poor girl! her heart felt as though it were breaking there and then.

When the echo of his footsteps had died away, she drew her shawl closer round her slender throat, and passed out of the shrubbery. Hovering in a cross walk, unseen and unsuspected, was Madam. Not often did Madam allow herself to be off the watch. She had scanned the exit of Captain Bohun; she now saw Ellen's; and Madam's evil spirit rose up within her, and she advanced with an awful frown.

"Have you been walking with Captain Bohun, Miss Adair?"

"No, Madam."

"I—*thought* I heard him talking with you."

"He came through the shrubbery when I was sitting there, and spoke to me in passing."

"Ah," said Madam. "It is well to be cautious. Captain Bohun is to marry Miss Dallory, remember; the less any other young woman has to say to him the better."

To this speech—rather remarkable as coming from one who professed to be a gentlewoman—Ellen made no reply, save a bow as she passed onwards, with an erect head and self-possessed step, leaving Madam to her devices.

They seemed to be at her on all sides. There was no comfort anywhere, no solace. Ellen could have envied Bessy Rane in her grave.

And the farce that had to be kept up before the world! That very evening, as fate had it, Captain Bohun took Miss Adair in to dinner, and sat next her, through some well-intentioned blundering of Richard's. It had pleased Madam to invite a party, some seven or eight; it did not please Mr. North to come in to dinner, as he had been expected to do. Richard had to be host, and to take in a stout lady in green velvet, who was to have fallen to his father. There was a minute's confusion; Madam had gone on; Richard jumbled the wrong people together, as if he were shaking up beans in a bag; and finally said aloud, Arthur will you take in Miss Adair. And so they sat side by side, and nobody observed that they did not converse (for that consisted of perhaps three monosyllables throughout the meal,) or that anything was wrong. It is curious, the length of time that two people may live estranged from each other in a household, and the rest suspect it not. Have you ever noticed this?—or tried it? It is remarkable, but very true.

After dinner came the drawing-room: and the evening was a more social one than had been known of late. Music, cards, talking. Young Mr. Ticknell (a relation of the old bankers at Whitborough) was there; he had one of the sweetest voices ever accorded to man, and delighted them with his unaffected singing. One song, that he chose after a few jesting words with Ellen, in allusion to her name, two of them at least had not bargained for. "Ellen Adair." Neither had heard it since that evening at Easteea; so long past now, in the events that had followed, that it seemed to be removed from them by ages.

They had to listen. They could not do else. Ellen sat at the corner of the sofa, in her pretty black net dress, with its one white flower, that Mr. North had given her, in the middle of the corsage, and nothing at all, as usual, in her rich, brown hair; *he* was leaning against the wall at right angles to her, his arms folded. And the verses went on to the last one.

"But now thou art cold to me,
Ellen Adair:
But now thou art cold to me,
Ellen, my dear!
Yet her I love so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell:
Oh, I shall ne'er forget
Ellen Adair."

She could not help it. Had it been to save her life, she could not have helped lifting her face and glancing at him as the refrain died away. His eyes were fixed on her with a wistful yearning expression in their depths; an expression so sad that in itself it was all that can be conceived of pain. Ellen dropped her face again; her agitation at that moment seeming greater than she knew how to suppress.

"You look as if you had all the cares of the nation on your shoulders, Arthur."

He started at the address, which came from Miss Dallory. She had gone close up to him. Rallying his senses, he smiled and answered carelessly. The next minute Ellen saw them walking across the room together, her hand within his arm.

The morning following this, Jelly made her appearance at the Hall, bringing up two letters. They were from Australia—from Mr. Adair. One was addressed to Mrs. Cumberland, the other to Ellen. Dr. Rane had made Jelly bring them both: he considered that Miss Adair was now the only proper person to open Mrs. Cumberland's. Ellen carried it to Mr. North, asking if she ought to open it—if it would be right. Certainly, Mr. North answered, and confirmed the view Dr. Rane had taken, as conveyed in the message brought by Jelly.

Ellen carried the two letters to a remote and solitary spot in the garden, one that she was fond of frequenting, and in which she had never yet been intruded upon. She opened her own first: and there read what astonished her.

It appeared that after the despatch of Mr. Adair's last letter to Mrs. Cumberland (the one already alluded to, that she had read with so much satisfaction to Arthur Bohun at Easteea,) he had been called from his station on business, and had remained absent some two or three months. Upon his return he found other letters awaiting him from Mrs. Cumberland, and learnt, to his astonishment, that the gentleman proposing marriage to Ellen was Arthur Bohun, son of the Major Bohun with whom Mr. Adair had once been intimate. (The reader has not forgotten how Mrs. Cumberland jumbled matters together in her mind, or that in her first letter she omitted to mention any name.) Dashing off some peremptory lines to Ellen—these she was now reading—Mr. Adair retracted his former consent. He absolutely forbade her to marry, or even think again of Arthur Bohun: a marriage between them would be nothing less than a calamity for both, he wrote, and also for himself. He added that in consequence of some unexpected deaths in his family, he had become its head, and was making preparations to come to England.

Wondering, trembling, Ellen dropped the letter, and opened Mrs. Cumberland's. An enclosure fell from it: a draft for a large sum of money, which, as it appeared, Mrs. Cumberland was in the habit of receiving half-yearly for her charge of Ellen. Mr. Adair wrote in still more explicit terms on the subject of the proposed marriage to Mrs. Cumberland, almost in angry ones. *She*, of all people, he said, ought to know that a marriage between his daughter and the late Major Bohun's son would be unsuitable, improper, and most distasteful to himself. He did not understand how Mrs. Cumberland could have laid any such proposal before him, or allowed herself to think of it for a moment; unless, indeed, she had never been made acquainted with certain facts of the past connected with himself and Major Bohun, and Major Bohun's wife, which Cumberland had known well. He concluded by saying, as he had to Ellen, that he hoped to be shortly in England. Both the letters had evidently been written in great haste and much perturbation: all minor matters being accounted as nothing, compared with the distinct and stern embargo laid on the marriage.

"So it has happened for the best," murmured Ellen, to her breaking heart, as she folded up the letters and laid them away.

She took the draft to Mr. North's parlor. He put on his spectacles and mastered its meaning by the help of some questions to Ellen.

"A hundred and fifty pounds for six months!" exclaimed he. "But surely, my dear, Mrs. Cumberland did not have three hundred a year with you! It's a vast sum—just for one young lady."

"She had two hundred, I think," said Ellen. "I did not know what the exact sum was until to-day: Mrs. Cumberland never used to talk to me about these matters. Papa allows me for myself fifty pounds every half year. Mrs. Cumberland always gave me that."

"Ah," said Mr. North. "That's a great deal, too."

"Will you please to take the draft, sir: and let me have the fifty pounds from it at your convenience?"

Mr. North looked up, as one who does not understand.

"The money is not for me, child."

"But I am staying here," she said, deprecatingly.

He shook his head as he pushed back the slip of paper.

"Give it to Richard, my dear. He will know what to do about it, and what is right to be done. And so your father is coming home! We shall be sorry to lose you, Ellen. I am getting to love you, child. It seems that you have come in the place of my poor Bessy."

But Ellen was not sorry. The arrival of Mr. Adair would at least remove her from her present position, where every hour, as it passed, could but bring fresh pain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The mosquito, as a public singer, draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

☞ PROTECTION FOR SOLDIERS.—Many of the Prussian soldiers wear underneath their shirts a piece of sole-leather, about ten inches square, which is hard enough to turn a bullet, unless struck perpendicularly, and is a good defence against the lance or sabre.

☞ Carpenters and masons get fifty-four cents a day in the cities of Sweden—but fifty cents will buy more in Sweden, than five times that sum would in this country.

☞ *Lady*—"Four of those chairs which I so lately purchased of you, are broken."

Upholsterer—"Indeed, madam! The only way in which I can account for that is, that some one must have been sitting on them."

☞ The Pullman Palace Car Company, organized in 1867 with a capital of $1,000,000, has now increased it to $8,000,000. It runs its cars over fifteen thousand miles of railroads, and employs about three thousand men.

☞ Muscatine, Iowa, has a man who offers to wager that he can whip any dog in town with his teeth. He proposes to have his hands tied behind him.

☞ A victim of unrequited affection, concludes as follows:—

"I sat me down and thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew:
It's easier far to like a girl
Than make a girl like you."

☞ In the hands of a French officer who died on the battle-field at Woerth, was found a letter, all crisped and blackened by the fire and smoke which had surrounded it. The circumstances render it peculiarly touching. The following is a translation:—

"MY DEAR PAPA—Since thou hast left I do not cease to think of thee. I am so sad, not to be able to see thee, and kiss thee every morning; but I hope much that God will preserve thy health, and that thou wilt return soon to kiss thy daughter. I am very good in order to make up a little to mamma for thy absence. Adieu, best beloved papa: I embrace thee very tenderly. Thy daughter, who loves thee.

"MARGUERITE."

☞ Says the Psalmist, "He maketh my feet like hind's feet." A negro preacher read it "hen's feet," and proceeded to say "dat a hen in the henroost, when it falls asleep, tightens its grip so's not to fall off. And dat's how true faith, my brethren, holds on to the rock."

☞ An old maid says a woman isn't fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as a baby, adds an old bachelor.

☞ A correspondent of the Musical Standard calls attention to the curious fact that very many of the greatest composers are—or have been—cbildless. For instance, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Correlli, Pergolesi, Rossini, and, in our own time, Auber, Wagner, and Schumann.

☞ The latest case of verdancy noted is that of a young man who purchased a box of paper collars—14—and finding but ten collars in the box, went back for the other four!

☞ In Chicago, Illinois, the candidates for the Legislature are described to be "scaly fellows, dead-beats, professional lobbyists, tricksters, persons having axes to grind, and chaps who *bum* around town and live by their wits." There are some of the same sort in this neighborhood.

☞ A detective on board one of the popular vehicles of travel in this state has a peculiar method of judging of the actual character of suspects who come in his way. The first thing he does when a suspected individual is brought in contact with him is to examine his hands. If these be hard and toil worn, he at once decides in favor of the habitual honesty of their owner. His theory is that a dishonest man will not subject himself to hard labor—that, in fact, dishonesty is the offspring of a desire to acquire money without doing severe work for it. No doubt this theory is correct in the main, but it is not infallible.

☞ Some interesting calculations have been made in regard to the quantity of gold in circulation at different periods of the world. The estimation is that there was, at the beginning of the Christian era, $425,000,000; at the time of the discovery of America, $57,000,000; in 1600, $105,000,000; in 1700, $550,000,000; in 1800, $1,123,000,000; in 1843, $2,000,000,000; in 1853, $3,000,000,000; in 1870, $6,000,000,000. The whole of the last-mentioned sum, melted down, could be contained in a cube measuring twenty-six feet on the side.

☞ Such fun, taking out two jolly girls for a row and letting them do it themselves, you know. Girls with plenty of fun in them, and all that sort of thing, you know, who splash you all over by their confounded clumsiness, and you have to pretend you don't mind your clothes being spoiled, you know, and all that sort of thing.

☞ A Healthy Fruit.—A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make you so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered the friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

☞ A number of elderly ladies in Paris came to the Mairie to ask if dogs, cats, parrots, and canaries came under the head of the "useless mouths" which were ordered to leave the city. They were told, in reply, that these creatures could not be so considered, as in case of need they might be eaten. This response in no sense appeared to please the venerable dames.

☞ There is on exhibition at the London Crystal Palace a gigantic map upon which movable toy soldiers are made to retreat and advance according to the advices received by telegraph. By means of these contrivances our English cousins follow accurately from day to day the progress of the war, and are relieved from the painful process of tracing out what has occurred by the aid of the newspapers and small maps.

☞ The Bonapartes were originally poor, but the first Napoleon gave his brothers a crown apiece to start with.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1871.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF TALENT.

The Lady's Friend will continue to be devoted as heretofore to Choice Literature and the Illustration of the Fashions. It will contain the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies. The Music alone is worth the cost of the whole magazine.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson, supported by the following

BRILLIANT CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of East Lynne,
FLORENCE PERCY,
Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
EMMA B. RIPLEY,
Miss A. L. MUZZEY,
Miss HARRIE BOYER,
AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD,
ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
Miss ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,
AUGUST BELL, &c., &c.

NEW NOVELETS

Will be published from Mrs. Moulton, Miss Douglas, Miss Prescott, Miss Muzzey, and Miss Ripley.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

A beautiful Steel Fancy Engraving and a Superb Colored Steel Fashion Plate will illustrate every number; besides well executed Colored Designs, and Wood Cuts, illustrative of the Fashions, Fancy Work, &c., too numerous to detail.

TERMS—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

Our terms are the same as those of this paper, The Saturday Evening Post—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired. The Premium Engraving is also the same—"The Sisters."

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SPECIMEN COPIES SENT GRATIS, to those wishing to get up clubs.

$60 A WEEK paid agents in a new business. Address Sage Novelty Co., Saco, Me. aug27-4y

Agents! Read This!

We will pay agents a salary of $30 per week, and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. oct15-13t

BUCHU.

[From Dispensatory of the United States.]

Diosma Crenata—Buchu Leaves.

Properties.—Their odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic, their taste bitterish, and analogous to mint.

Medical Properties and Uses.—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the Urinary Organs.

They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostrate Gland, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu is used by persons from the ages of 18 to 25, and from 35 to 55, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement, or Labor Pains.

In affections peculiar to females, the Extract Buchu is unequalled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suppression of the Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrous State of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, or Whites.

Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel and Dropsical Swellings.—This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu has cured every case of Diabetes in which it has been given. Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Ulceration of the Kidneys and Bladder, Retention of Urine, Diseases of the Prostrate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel, Brick-Dust Deposit, and Mucus or Milky Discharges, and for enfeebled and delicate constitutions, of both sexes, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Wakefulness, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Eruption on the Face, Pallid Countenance, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, &c.

Helmbold's Extract Buchu is Diuretic and Blood-Purifying, and cures all diseases arising from habits of dissipation, excesses and imprudences in life, impurities of the Blood, &c., in these diseases, used in connection with Helmbold's Rose Wash.

Sold by all Druggists and dealers everywhere. Beware of counterfeits. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other. Price—$1.25 per bottle, or six bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

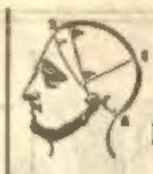
Address

H. T. HELMBOLD,

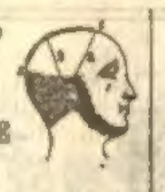
594 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS DONE UP IN steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed

H. T. HELMBOLD.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dying Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

ESTB. ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS. 1809

SAPOLIO

For General Household Purposes

Is BETTER and CHEAPER than SOAP.

Does its work quickly, easily, and with less labor than any other compound; cleans *windows* without water; removes stains from *wood, marble and stone;* cleans and brightens *knives and table ware;* for general *house cleaning* is unequalled; polishes tin, brass, iron, copper and steel; removes oil, rust and dirt from *machinery;* removes stains from the hand which soap will not take off, &c. Sold at all Grocery, Drug and Notion stores. Wholesale,

211 Washington St., New York.
30 Oxford St., London.
jy23-eowtf

Mild, Certain, Safe Efficient. It is far the best cathartic remedy yet discovered, and at once relieves and invigorates all the vital functions, without causing injury to any of them. The most complete success has long attended its use in many localities; and it is now offered to the general public with the conviction that it can never fail to accomplish all that is claimed for it. It produces little or no pain; leaves the organs free from irritation, and never over taxes or excites the nervous system. In all diseases of the skin, blood, stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys—of children, and in many difficulties peculiar to women, it brings prompt relief and certain cure. The best physicians recommend and prescribe it; and no person who once uses this, will voluntarily return to the use of any other cathartic.

Sent by mail, on receipt of price and postage.

1 Box,	$0.25	Postage, 6 cents.
5 Boxes,	1.00	" 18 "
12 Boxes,	2.25	" 30 "

It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.
TURNER & CO., Proprietors,
120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
aug20-eowly

$100 to 250 PER MONTH GUARANTEED. *Sure pay,* to all ambitious men and women selling our world-renowned *Patent Silver Mould White Wire Clothes Lines.* Business permanent. For full particulars, address Girard Wire Mills, Philadelphia, Pa. oct1 8eow

VEN—TRI—LO—QUISM.

The complete art of Ventriloquism, with illustrated instruction for making the magic whistle for imitating all animals. Mailed for only 15 cents. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, New Jersey. aug20-eowly

NOW IS THE PROPER

Time to take Cleansing and Purifying Medicines, of which Swaim's Panacea stands pre-eminent.

SWAIM'S CELEBRATED PANACEA, FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, GENERAL DEBILITY, WHITE SWELLING, RHEUMATISM, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD AND THE SECONDARY SYMPTOMS FOR WHICH MERCURY IS USUALLY PRESCRIBED.

Swaim's Panacea has been for fifty years celebrated in this country and in Europe for its extraordinary cures, for the certificates of which reference is made to the directions and books (which may be had gratis) accompanying the Panacea; some of which give the particulars of cases too frightful for general publication, where the patients have been almost eaten up with scrofula, and were deemed incurable by physicians.

It has been used in hospitals and private practice, and has been recommended by the most celebrated physicians and other eminent persons, viz.: Professors Gibson, Chapman and Dewees of the University of Penna., Valentine Mott of New York University, Del Valle of Havana, Jose Ecorenco de Lux of Lisbon, Spain, J. Chipman, Royal College Surgeons, London, G. W. Irving, late Minister to Spain, Sir Thos. Pearson, Maj. General British Army and many others.

The wonderful cures effected by SWAIM'S PANACEA have for many years made for it an invaluable remedy. The Panacea does not contain mercury in any form, and, being an innocent preparation, it may be given to the most tender infant.

If persons purchasing the Panacea will be careful to observe that the name SWAIM is correctly spelled, they need not be imposed on.

ALSO, SWAIM'S VERMIFUGE,

A valuable Family Medicine, being a highly approved remedy for all diseases arising from debility of the digestive organs, such as acidity of the stomach, worms, cholera morbus, dysentery, fever and ague, bleeding piles, sick headache, &c. See the pamphlet (which may be had gratis) accompanying the Vermifuge.

Prepared only at SWAIM'S LABORATORY, the old Stand, South Seventh street, below Chestnut, Philadelphia, and sold by all druggists in the United States.

General Agents for the United States,
SCHIEFFELIN BROTHERS & CO.,
oct12-14t 170 William st., New York.

Husband's Calcined Magnesia

Is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The World's Fair Medal and four First Premium Silver Medals have been awarded it, as being the best in the market. For sale by the druggists and country storekeepers, and by the manufacturer,

THOMAS J. HUSBAND, N. W. corner
oct15-2m Third and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia.

BEST THING OUT.

WASHING MADE EASY. No rubbing required. *It saves time, money, labor and clothing.* Sent with full instructions to any address for $1. F. M. PRIEST, Bryan, Ohio. sep3 2m

PALMER
PATENTS. BEST IN USE.
1866
PRINCIPAL OFFICE
1609 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA.
ADDRESS THE INVENTOR.—
DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A.A.L.M. Co.

These Inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

Dr. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations,* and full information for *persons in want of limbs,* sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to Dr. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

"THE ERA OF CHEAP BOOKS."

A Book for Every American, North or South.

LOSSING'S
LIVES OF THE SIGNERS

Of the Declaration of American Independence: the Declaration Historically Considered, and a sketch of the Leading Events connected with the Adoption of the Articles of Confederation and of the Federal Constitution. By B. J. Lossing, author of "The Field Book of the Revolution," "War of 1812," "Home of Washington," etc., etc. Illustrated by fifty Portraits and other engravings, elegantly printed on tinted paper, and handsomely bound in English morocco cloth, 384 pages 12mo., price $1.50. Mailed to any address, free of postage on receipt of price. Male or female agents wanted. Easy to make $10.00 a day. EVANS, STODDART & CO., Philadelphia. sep10-3m

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Monthly, 25 cents, semi-monthly, 50 cents, weekly, $1 a year. Specimen free. Large premiums for clubs. Largest circulation of any children's publication in the world, considering length of time published. Is success an index of merit? Examine and see. JOHN B. ALDEN & CO.,
aug20-12t Chicago, Ills.

5000 AGENTS WANTED.—Samples sent free with terms to clear from $5 to $10 per day. Two entirely new articles saleable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, New Jersey. oct15-2t

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY
OF
WATCH-MAKING IN THIS COUNTRY,

CONTAINING VALUABLE AND USEFUL INFORMATION TO ALL

WATCH-WEARERS AND WATCH-BUYERS.

Sent pre-paid to any address on application to

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
sep10-tf 182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

DON'T BE WITHOUT IT!

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK RECEIPTS."

Edited by S. ANNIE FROST.

The work of thousands of busy fingers, and published at the thousands request. Price $2.00. Sold everywhere, or mailed free on receipt of price. EVANS, STODDART & CO., Philadelphia. A good chance for Male or Female Agents. sep24-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Containing Fleetwood's "Life of Christ," and "Lives of the Apostles, Evangelists and Martyrs," Doddridge's "Evidences of Christianity," "History of the Jews," by Josephus; "A History of all Religious Denominations," with treatises and tables relating to events connected with Bible History containing many fine engravings. The whole forming a complete treasury of Christian knowledge.

W. FLINT,
oct1-3m No. 26 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS AND ASTHMA

CAN BE CURED BY
MEDICATED INHALATIONS.

The *mode* is so simple a child can use it: the *principles* strictly accord with physiological laws: *Results,* unbounded success.

Send TEN-CENT STAMP for Symptoms, Causes, and Treatment, by J. M. COMINS, M. D.,
Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children in the Eclectic Medical College of New York,
oct1 3m 143 E. 26th St., New York.

50 Cents to $5 Per Evening, at Home!

We are prepared to furnish profitable employment to men and women at their homes. One person in each locality throughout the United States can engage in this business at great wages. We send, *free,* full particulars and a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on. Any person seeing this notice, who wants profitable, permanent work, should send us their address without delay.
oct1-4t E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

TARRANT'S
SELTZER
APERIENT.

The Season of Peril.—In the summer and autumn the system is in a less nervous condition than when under the freezing influence of a colder temperature. Keep the bowels unobstructed, the digestion active and the blood cool in warm weather. To effect this object, take occasionally a dose of Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient. It is a gentle cathartic, a wholesome tonic, an antidote to biliousness, a blood depurent, and a most delightful refreshing, united in one sparkling, foaming elixir, prepared in a moment and without the slightest trouble.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MONEY EASILY MADE

STAFFORD MFG CO. 65 FULTON ST. N.Y.

With our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. ☞ Circulars Free. je18-6m

WANTED—AGENTS, (20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed,* makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides,) and is *fully licensed.* The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep17-1y

$250 a month, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure circular and samples, free. Address S. M. Spencer, Brattleboro, Vt. sep17-6m

The Only Genuine Oroide Gold Pen Made.

AGENTS make $20 a day selling our goods. *Sell at sight.* Sample box 12 Patent Novelty Fountain Pens for 25 cents. Writes four pages with one dip. 500 per cent. profit. One Patent Pen-Holder and Eraser for 20 cents. One Patent Novelty Penknife and Pencil Sharpener combined 20 cents, *or all* sent, post-paid, for 50 cents with terms, &c. Address City Novelty Co., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa. je18-26t

10 GALLONS OF WHISKEY FOR $1. Instructions 25 cents. Address BIRD, Port Deposit, Maryland. aug27-13t

SPARKLING BEAUTIES are ladies' and gents' "*Lava Diamond Pins.*" Samples sent by mail for 50c. Address H. FOX & CO., Station A, New York. oct20-1y

AGENTS WANTED
to sell the new Picture,
THE HOME ABOVE.
Price $3, 1344 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
jy30-3m

LADY AGENTS WANTED in every place in the United States and Canada to sell the patented Empress Eugenie or Lady's Companion, an article required by every female. Send stamp for circular. Madame JUMEL'S office 746 Broadway, New York. sep24-4t

"BARKEEPER'S GUIDE," or "How to Mix Drinks," only 25 cents. Address H. FOX & CO., New York city. sep24-12t

LOWEST PRICES PUBLISHED FOR ELGIN, WALTHAM and IMPORTED WATCHES, cased in coin Silver and Solid Gold. Diamonds—Diamond Engagement Rings, a specialty, some for $18. SOLID GOLD JEWELRY and CHAINS (our manufacture), positively half price. Communion Sets. Circular free. Goods C. O. D. Privilege to examine. F. J. NASH,
No. 697 Broadway, New York.
☞ The assurance given by Mr. Nash are worthy of the fullest confidence.—Editor Christian Advocate. sep24-4t

MONITOR CORN HUSKER.—Do two men's work. No sore or cold fingers. Sells at sight. Agents wanted. $20 a day. Two samples sent for 50 cts., or four styles for $1, post-paid. Address CITY NOVELTY CO., No. 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa. sep24-3m

YONKERS MILITARY INSTITUTE. Established 1854. For making boys intelligent, healthy, Christian Men. Thorough teaching. Common sense management. Reopens Sept. 5. BENJAMIN MASON, Box No. 208, Yonkers, N. Y. sep24 4t

AGENTS WANTED—($225 a Month) by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. sep24-6m

HEALTH FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—I will send *free* to invalids full directions how to prepare from a *common plant* a certain cure for *Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh,* etc. Address DR. PALMER, Lock Box P, Brooklyn, New York. aug6-3m

The Celebrated
Murray
&
Lanman's
Florida Water.

The most lasting, agreeable, and refreshing of all perfumes, for use on the Handkerchief, at the Toilet, and in the Bath. For sale by all Druggists and Perfumers. sep17-1y

AGENTS WANTED FOR

LIFE IN UTAH
OR THE
MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM

By J. H. BEADLE, Editor of the Salt Lake Reporter.
BEING an EXPOSE of their SECRET RITES, CEREMONIES and CRIMES.

With a full and authentic history of Polygamy and the Mormon Sect, from its origin to the present time.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success, one reports 126 subscribers in four days, another 71 in two days. Send for circulars. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. oct1-tf

A MUSICAL BOX FOR TWO DOLLARS.

The French great sensation; novelty, cheapness, durability, in a highly polished case, metallic tongues, brilliant in tone: of the best construction, with the most recent improvements; new pattern. Eight select airs, eminently adapted for the drawing-room table. Guaranteed of the best workmanship and performance. Thousands sold monthly. No. 1, 8 tunes, $2. No. 2, 14 tunes, $3. No. 4, 24 tunes, $5, sent free by mail on receipt of price. Send 3 cent stamp for new illustrated catalogue with list of tunes. Address WM. BROOKS & CO.,
oct1-4t 397 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

$5. PET SEWING MACHINE will do the work of 10 pair of hands and as good as any $75 machine. Send $5 for one, or two stamps for sample of work and circulars. Agents wanted. Terms liberal. Address *PET SEWING MACHINE CO.,* 7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. oct1-3m

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn. oct1-tf

WIT AND HUMOR.

Is He Fat?

One of the most remarkable cases of sudden cure of disease was that of a rheumatic individual, with which is an amusing ghost story.

There were a couple of men, in some old settled part of the country, who were in the habit of stealing sheep and robbing churchyards of the burial clothes of the dead. There was a public road leading by a meeting-house, where there was a graveyard, and not far off a tavern. Early one moonlight night, while one of the miscreants was busy robbing a grave, the other went off to steal a sheep. The first one having accomplished his business, wrapped a shroud around him, and took a seat in the meeting-house door to wait for his companion.

A man on foot passing along the road towards the tavern took him to be a ghost, and, alarmed almost to death, ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the tavern, which he reached, out of breath. As soon as he could speak, he declared that he had seen a ghost robed in white, sitting in the church door. Nobody would believe his story, but incredulous as they were, no one could be found that had courage enough to go.

At length a man, who was so afflicted with the rheumatism that he could scarcely walk, declared he would go if the man would carry him there. He at once agreed, took him on his back, and off they went. When they got in sight, sure enough it was as he said! Wishing to satisfy themselves well, and get as near a view as possible of his ghostship in the dim light, they kept venturing nearer and nearer.

The man with the shroud around him, took them to be his companion with a sheep on his back, and asked, in a low tone of voice—

"Is he fat?"

Meeting with no reply, he repeated the question, raising his voice higher.

"Is he fat?"

Still no reply.

Then, in a vehement tone, he called:

"Is he fat?"

This was enough. The man with the other on his back replied—

"Fat or lean, you may have him."

And dropping the invalid he travelled back to the tavern as fast as his feet would carry him. But he had scarcely arrived there, when along came the invalid, on foot too!

The sudden fright had cured him of rheumatism; and from that time forward he was a well man.

Profitable Book-keeping.

"Who has bought the handsome saddle, John?" inquired a saddle and harness maker some time ago, of his foreman, upon coming into the shop and finding that a very handsome new saddle had disappeared.

"Indeed I cannot tell who it was, and the worst of it is it has not been paid for. I was very busy this morning, when a gentleman came in, asked the price of it, told me to charge it to his account, threw it into his vehicle, and drove off before I could ascertain his name. I am sure, however, he is one of our customers, for he has frequently bought articles here before."

"That's rather a puzzling case, really," said the master, scratching his head, "and some mode must be devised to find out the purchaser, and get the pay for the saddle. Ay, I have it, John! Charge every one of our customers who have accounts open, with the saddle; those who didn't get it will, of course, refuse to pay, and in that way we shall reach the right one."

John did as he was ordered. A few weeks after the Christmas bills had been sent out the foreman was interrogated as to whether he had succeeded in finding out the purchaser.

"It is impossible to say, sir," he answered, "for about forty have paid for it without saying a word."

Census Taking Humors.

A short distance from the residence of the writer lives a well-to-do farmer, about sixty years old, who married his second wife eight years ago. A few weeks since the census taker called on this old farmer, whom we will call C——, and after some other questions, asked him:

"What is your wife's given name?"

As the narrator, who saw the circumstance, says, C—— looked up, then he looked down, then opened his eyes, apparently perfectly astonished; finally his mouth opened and he said:

"Well, I declare! I really don't know! I think it is Betsy Ann Philips, but I'll go round into the cow yard and ask her." And away he went.

At a further stage in the proceedings he said to the census marshal:

"There's a little gairl here, and she ain't worth a ha'porth here nor nowhere else; but I suppose you better take her name down."

The above is well authenticated and undoubtedly true.

A Ten Dollar Thirst.

The story is told of an honest old sailor that he desired to drink more than he had a natural relish for, and so resorted to salt fish to produce an artificial appetite. He was a naval officer, in command of the old steamer Fulton, and he invited an acquaintance to make a trip with him. The first day out he had soused fish for breakfast, and it was cooked without being freshened at all. A piece of rock salt powdered with Liverpool blown, would have been quite as palatable. The friend tried in vain to swallow it.

"Why, Jim," said he, "how can you eat such horrible stuff?"

"Sir," replied the captain, "I have a design in it. By eating my fish in that condition, I get a thirst on by twelve o'clock that I would not take ten dollars for."

A HACKMAN'S TRICK.—An amusing story is told of a hackman at Newport, R. I.—a zealous Methodist, by the way—who last year at yearly-meeting time donned the Quaker coat and broad-brim, and, meeting the drab-colored visitors at the depot, meekly asked, "Will *thee* have a carriage?" Glad to patronize a brother, they filled up his vehicle immediately, when, to the amusement of the bystanders, he drawled out, "Where's *thee's* baggage?" It is needless to say that the trick was seen through by the occupants, who left him in disgust; and the funniest part of it is that to this day he can't imagine how they found him out. He should have simply said, "Where's *thy* baggage?"

GREAT souls are filled with love,
Great brows are calm:
Serene within their might, they soar above
The whirlwind and the storm.

A CAPITAL ANSWER.

"Self-made" Man (examining School, of which he is a Manager). "Now, Boy, what's the Capital of 'Olland?"

Boy. "An 'H,' Sir."

LONG-TAILED VERSUS SHORT-TAILED HORSES.—The last time I was in Ireland, says a correspondent, I saw this sign on a livery stable:—"Long-tail horses five shillings a week, short-tail horses four shillings." I asked the keeper the reason of that, and he explained to me that long-tail horses could keep their noses in the oats all the time, switching off the flies with their tails quite comfortably, while short-tail horses had to keep turning aside their heads to bite off flies, and did not get a chance to eat much. That man could make money.

SORROW PAST.

The shadow has gone by;
A peace fills all the sky;
My days are warm with quiet, sunny life;
My nights are full of rest;
Thy love is manifest;
I thank Thee Thou hast led me from the strife.

I know that toil and pain
Will come to me again,
That many shadows on my life must fall;
I know by long years past
Such quiet cannot last;
And yet I thank Thee it has come at all.

When darkness falls at length,
I shall have gathered strength
From these sweet days of pleasantness and calm;
And with sincerest heart,
When sweetest lights depart,
I may through all lift up my voice in psalm.

Now, with no care or fear,
Because I feel Thee near,
Because my hands were not reached out in vain,
May I from out my calm
Reach humbly out some balm,
Some peace, some light, to others in their pain.

And when at last I sleep,
May others come and reap
The harvest planted here by these weak hands;
A harvest white for Thee
I pray it thus may be;
Show me my field, I wait for Thy commands.

Let Well Enough Alone.

A very considerable share of sickness is derived from needless apprehensions. Persons become frightened about themselves, fall into a morbid, nervous condition, plague the doctors into dosing them, or if they won't give them anything, set them down for bad advisers, and then take the rounds of quack remedies till at last they become really diseased. A half-way knowledge of medical matters is more likely to promote such folly than absolute ignorance. The reading of a medical work is, for many, as bad as a dose of poison. They can readily have every disease as they go along, particularly if they set about to examine themselves, and cross-question symptoms before the looking-glass at the end of each chapter. It will take a very strong-minded man to avoid making a fool of himself under such circumstances. Some otherwise excellent and sensible people take a morbid pleasure in learning all the particulars of every case of sickness in the neighborhood, especially if it has been aggravated, or fatal, or peculiar, and then scare themselves into night-sweats, with presentiments that they will suffer the same. A few palpitations, or fainting turns, a cough, or getting out of breath going up-stairs, or sharp pain across the chest, will put one in misery for years. Probably half the community are secretly persuaded that they are laboring under fatal disease. The cheapest way of settling the mind is to go to an insurance office where a medical opinion is given gratis. The best way is to let well enough alone. Have nothing to do with medical science except that part which relates to the rules of life. Keep a good conscience, be at peace with all men and with God. Then, if sudden death come, you are ready, or if disease seem to threaten, a judicious physician's advice is better to trust in than your own whims or presentiments, which, nine cases out of ten, will be wide of the mark. Apropos of a man's anxiety to diminish his own weight, Hall's Journal of Health gives some advice which will apply as well to a great number:—"If a man can sleep soundly, has a good appetite, with no unpleasant reminders after meals, the bodily habits being regular every day, he had better let himself alone, whether he is as big as a hogshead or as thin and dry as a fence-rail."

☞ Nothing so arduous can be proposed that it will not be easy to you if your mind be applied to it.—*Sallust.*

WANING.

The autumn days are waning, and the gold
is on the leaf,
The gold and crimson tint that paints with
splendor bright and brief
The grand old oaks. The copper-red is on
the bending beech,
The brown nuts rustle ripe and full above
the schoolboy's reach.

The swallows gather 'neath the eaves; the
first dull, cloudy day
Will bear them all, on eager wings, to sunnier climes away.
So is it oft with us, alas! Our brief, bright
summer ends,
Comes winter, resolute and stern; away
troop summer friends.

The last rose blushes on her stem, in beauty
all alone,
Weeps summer gone, and sighs upon her
solitary throne.
So is it with us at life's end. What reck or
pomp, or gold,
If hairs grow gray, and we without some
light of love grow old?

Pray God, there be not one of us, whoever
he may be,
Without some friend whom he may love,
some child upon his knee!
True love and friendship ever shine with
lustre all their own,
Since man was never made to live, and work,
and die alone!

Figure-Work.

Figures serve singular purposes. German newspapers are making much of a prophecy and its confirmation in connection with the present war. This prophecy was fulfilled in the fall of Louis Philippe, and seems to be again confirmed in the downfall of Napoleon. The following is the figure-work:

Louis Philippe was born in	1773
His Queen was born in	1782
They were married in	1809
Ascended the French throne in	1830

Add these historical dates as follows:

1830	1830	1830
1	1	1
7	7	8
7	8	0
3	2	9
1848	1848	1848

The result is the memorable year of 1848, in which Louis Philippe abdicated the French throne.

Now apply the same calculation to Louis Napoleon:

Napoleon III. was born in	1808
The Empress Eugenie was born in	1826
They were married in	1853
Ascended the throne in	1853

Add these as above:

1853	1853	1853
1	1	1
8	8	8
0	2	5
8	6	3
1870	1870	1870

And where is Louis Napoleon this year of our Lord 1870? To say the least this is a remarkable instance of prophetic figure-work, for it is said to have been promulgated some years before Louis Philippe abdicated, and to have been in a similar manner applied to Louis Napoleon. In this case "Figures don't lie."

THE HEAD OF PASCAL.—In the century in which this great man died (in 1662, aged thirty-nine years and two months,) pathological anatomy was hardly known; still less was the relation of the brain to mental power made a subject of study. But on opening the head of the author of the "Provincial Letters," a considerable quantity of cerebral matter was found. It was observed, moreover, that the substance of the brain was very tough, almost hard, and furthermore that the left lobe was very much injured.

This latter circumstance gave rise to the saying at the time, that Pascal was a great man on one side of his head, and half a fool on the other; that in his head, wisdom and folly had each its apartment. It must be admitted that the writings and the actions of this "*sublime fool*," as Voltaire called him, in some measure justify this strange judgment.—*Medical Independent.*

☞ Circumstances cannot control genius: it will wrestle with them; its power will bend and break them to its path. This very audacity is divine.

AGRICULTURAL.

Fall Weather—Colts and Calves.

The season of cold autumn rains is rapidly approaching—a trying one to colts and calves. If these are left out during cold rains, as they too often are, they will rapidly fall away in flesh, arresting measurably their natural growth, and rendering wintering much less satisfactory than would be the case if properly sheltered earlier in the season. When you see them in the fields, with their nether extremities turned to the storm, and their bodies forming a crescent, you may be sure that they are suffering, and that their owner is careless alike of their comfort and of his own interest. These young animals, especially at such times, should be carefully housed during autumnal storms, and well fed, too, as these try them more severely than the later ones of snow in the winter. All stock should be housed at such times, but especially the younger portions.

Collar Boils on Horses.

A Veterinarian writes to the Chicago Tribune as follows, in answer to a question as to the cause of swellings and collar boils on horses:—"The swellings and collar boils you complain of are not caused by feeding salt and ashes, though the latter seems to me to be useless. These swellings occur most frequently in the spring time, and especially then, when the horse is improving or falling off in flesh, thus rendering the collar too narrow or too wide. Have the collar always well fitted to the horse's neck, keep your harness clean and smooth, and take care that the traces or tugs are always of exactly the same length, and you will have no cause to complain. As long as the skin on those swellings is not sore, you may use cold fomentations. As soon, however, as the same gets sore, and the epidermis taken off, you will effect a cure by applying three times a day, or when the horse has to work, each time the harness is taken on or off, on the sore places a mixture of pure olive oil and lime water, equal parts.

Cooking Food for Domestic Animals.

I feel that I cannot better serve the interests of stock-keepers than by calling their attention to the importance of this subject. All doubt of the economy of cooking by steaming the food fed in winter to all the domestic animals, is removed by the many careful experiments that have been made under a great variety of circumstances, by the most reliable men in the country. The improvement and reduction of the cost of steam generators has, of late, been very great. The danger from their use has greatly retarded the more general introduction of arrangements for steaming food for stock.

We have them now that are very economical and safe, operate well, and are so simple that any farm hand can run them. Farmers who propose to introduce steam cooking apparatus for use the coming winter, would do well to have all the work executed before the weather becomes cold, and so arrange all the apparatus so as to guard against frost.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Flooring for Poultry House.

Bricks or pavement of any kind are the worst of all materials for the floor; they retain moisture, whether atmospheric or arising from insufficient drainage; and thus the temperature is kept low where warmth is most essential, and diseases too often follow, especially rheumatic attacks of the feet and legs. The flooring of a poultry house should be of dry gravel, and quite loose to the depth of two or three inches—nothing can there adhere to it; and it is not necessary nor right to sweep the floor of a poultry house. A broom may be drawn lightly over the surface, and everything offensive to the smell removed; but if turned with a spade twice or thrice a week, the earth deodorizes the dung and becomes a good fertiliser in the course of a few months, and ought then to be removed.—*Canadian Poultry Chronicle.*

Zinc-Poisoning.

Zinc tanks or zinc roofs invariably and rapidly contaminate water with which they come in contact, by the formation of soluble salts of the metal, which are exceedingly poisonous and apt to produce serious effects when introduced into the system. These zinc compounds result from the action of the dissolved salts of the water upon the zinc surface, and but a short time is required to produce a noteworthy amount of the deleterious ingredient. As water-coolers and similar vessels employed for holding water for domestic purposes are frequently lined with sheet-zinc, or with iron coated with the same metal, it will be well to bear in mind and to act on the recommendation of the Polytechnic Journal, that such vessels should be covered with a thin coating of asphalt varnish.

TO CURE COLIC.—To cure colic in horses, take a piece of carpet, blanket, or any thick material, large enough to cover the horse from his fore to his hind legs, and from the spine to the floor as he lies, wring it out in hot water as hot as you can stand. You need not fear scalding the animal. Apply this to the horse, and cover it with a similar dry cloth. As soon as the heat diminishes much, dip the wet cloth again in hot water. This plan will within an hour cure the worst cases of colic.—*American Stock Journal.*

How Panama Hats are Made.

The process of making Panama hats is as follows:—The leaves of the Pandamus, or Screw pine, from which these hats are made, are gathered before they unfold, the ribs and coarser veins are removed, and the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf, is reduced to shreds. After having been put in the sun for a day and tied into a knot, the straw is immersed in boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place, and subsequently bleached for two or three days, after which the straw is ready for use. The plaiting of the straw commences at the crown and finishes at the brim, and is a very troublesome operation. The hats are made on a block placed on the knees, and require to be constantly pressed with the breast. The coarser hat may be finished in two or three days, but the finest may require as many months.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

APAR behind expression, hides
The thing to be expressed.
Deep underneath all that we do,
And all we seem,
Lies what we feel;
And what we feel, we are.
—*Homer.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 60 letters.
My 2, 33, 20, 7, 15, 43, 59, 5, 37, 19, is the name of a flower.
My 22, 13, 42, is an animal.
My 23, 45, 3, 26, is a vegetable.
My 49, 38, 46, 29, 21, 9, 30, is a city in France.
My 28, 8, 57, 10, is a river in Spain.
My 56, 4, 47, 37, 18, 21, 41, 6, is a large animal.
My 48, 23, 10, 32, is a precious stone.
My 29, 55, 35, 11, 17, is the name of a popular game.
My 45, 52, 26, 40, 14, is the name of a man, also the name of a bird.
My 1, 19, 16, is a much used beverage.
My 21, 24, 51, 12, 59, 50, 10, is a country in Europe.
My 36, 27, 8, 15, 57, 10, 41, 60, is a group of islands.
My 39, 44, 56, 59, 35, 53, 40, is an officer of the state.
My 58, 25, 54, 19, 46, is an amphibious animal.
My 34, 31, 42, is a domestic animal.
My whole is a verse from the Bible.

LAURA.

Riddle.

My 1st is in panic, but not in fear.
My 2d is in money, but not in dear.
My 3d is in mouth, but not in head.
My 4th is in bridal, but not in wed.
My 5th is in beauty, but not in vain.
My 6th is in lightning, but not in rain.
My 7th is in idyl, but not in poem.
My 8th is in Naples, but not in Rome.
My 9th is in means, but not in ways.
And my whole is one of Shakspeare's plays.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Problem.

A metallic globe is filled with wine, which cost as much at four dollars a gallon as the globe itself at 25 cents for every square inch of its surface. What is the diameter of the globe?

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

What is the greatest number of cubical blocks, whose sides are severally 6 inches, 4 inches, 2 inches, and 1 inch, and of each an equal number, that can be packed in a cubical box whose sides are each 57 inches? And after their packing how many cubic inches empty space will remain in the box?

JUNIOR.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is there in common between Colonel Fisk's war-horse and a Philadelphia Ice Company? Ans.—Both are tremendous Chargers.

☞ When is a Chinese the most like a vegetable? Why, when a cue cumbers his head, of course.

☞ When is a schoolboy like an event that has happened? When he has come to parse.

☞ When is a man like a looking glass? When he reflects.

☞ Why is a photograph album like a libelous publication? Ans.—Because it is full of personal reflections.

☞ Why does a woman's dress not require any praise? Because it's so much *puffed* already.

☞ Who are the only industrious kind of loafers? The bakers.

☞ When are your eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles." RIDDLE.—Battle.

RECEIPTS.

A DELICIOUS MIXED MARMALADE.—Pare, core and quarter one peck of pears, the same quantity of orange quinces, simmer in sufficient water to keep them from burning until tender, flavoring them with one-quarter of a pound of sliced green ginger, the rind of one orange and one lemon, one ounce of blanched and shreded sweet almonds, a dozen bitter almonds or peach pits. Pare, core and quarter two pecks of fall pippins, and add them when the quinces are tender. When the apples are tender add for each pound of the pulp one-half pound of good brown sugar, simmer a few minutes altogether and seal hot.

A nice jelly may be made by taking about two-thirds of the quince cores, all the parings with some of the apple cores and skins; boil in just enough water to cover until a pulp; flavoring with a little ginger and orange rind. To one pint of juice when strained through flannel, add one pound of white sugar; simmer a few minutes and strain into glasses. This is not an expensive preserve and keeps well.

WORTH KNOWING.—If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like a new broom. A very dusty carpet may be cleaned by setting a pail of cold water out by the door, wet the broom in it, knock it to get off all the drops, sweep a yard or so, then wash the broom as before, and sweep again, being careful to shake all the drops off the broom, and not sweep far at a time. If done with care, it will clean a carpet very nicely, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dirt in the water. The water may need changing once or twice, if the carpet is very dirty. Moistened Indian meal is used with good effect by some housekeepers, and salt by others.

COLD CREAM.—Procure perfectly fresh lard, which has never been touched by salt; wash it thoroughly in spring water, freshly drawn, and do this in three different waters; then leave it to soak in fresh water, and in a cool shade for twenty-four hours. Then wash it once more, and beat it until becomes a cream, in as much rose-water of the stronger sort as it will absorb, during the process of beating. When finished, the rose-water will have penetrated every part, and should also stand in little pools here and there on the soft and porous-like surface.

WRINKLED SILK.—To make silk, which has been wrinkled and tumbled, appear like new—sponge it on the surface with a weak solution of gum Arabic or white glue, and iron it on the wrong side.